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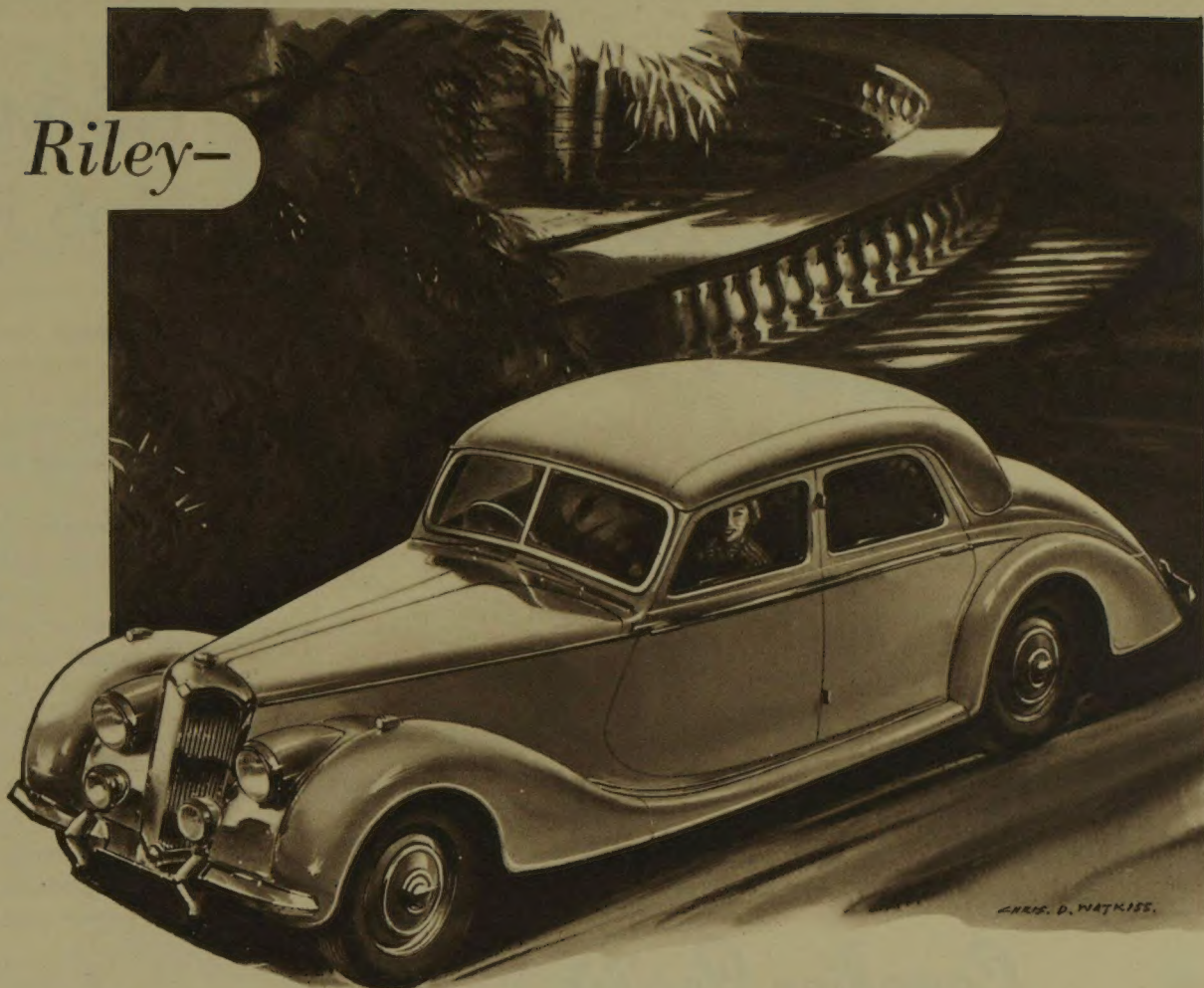
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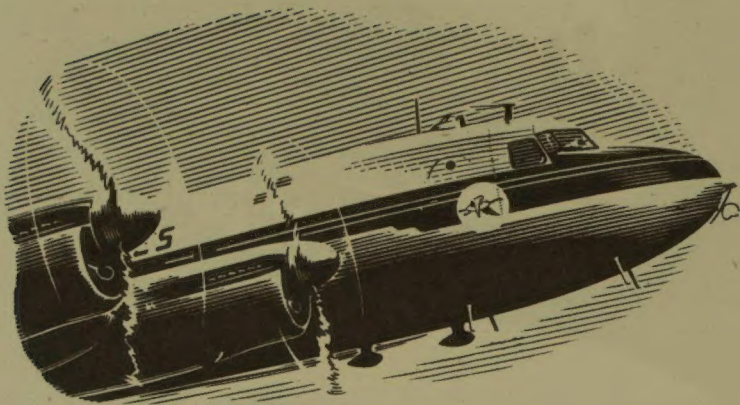
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1950.



**THE FIRST STEP IN THE BRILLIANT AMPHIBIOUS OPERATION TO CAPTURE INCHON, BEHIND THE NORTH KOREAN LINES:
U.S. MARINES MOVING CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE SHELL-BATTERED RUINS OF WOLMI ISLAND.**

The opening stage in the brilliant amphibious operation which put a major United Nations force ashore at Inchon and so touched off the train of engagements designed to cut the North Korean line of communications and contain the large forces committed on the Naktong front, was the amazingly rapid seizure of Wolmi Island. Wolmi Island, which lies off Inchon, the port of Seoul, and which is connected

with the mainland by a half-mile-long causeway, was a fortified position. It was subjected to a heavy naval bombardment and also aurally bombed with jellied petroleum. Within thirty minutes of their landing the U.S. marines had hoisted their flag on the highest point, and the capture of the island was completed in 61 minutes all told. Other pictures of the assault appear on pages 508-509.



THE ASSAULT ON WOLMI ISLAND: U.S. MARINES WITH THEIR TANKS GOING IN TO THE ASSAULT OF THE VITAL ISLAND COVERING THE APPROACHES OF INCHEON. WITHIN THIRTY MINUTES OF LANDING THE MARINES HAD PLANTED THEIR FLAG ON THE ISLAND'S HIGHEST POINT.



U.S. MARINES MOVING THROUGH THE TORN WOODLAND OF WOLMI ISLAND—A FORMER PLEASURE PARK OF INCHEON. BEFORE THE LANDING THE ISLAND WAS BOMBED AND SUFFERED A SEVERE NAVAL BOMBARDMENT FROM FOUR CRUISERS AND SIX DESTROYERS.

A BRILLIANT OPERATION CONDUCTED WITH "CLOCKWORK-LIKE REGULARITY": THE U.S. MARINES' LANDING

On September 14 an amphibious force, as large as some of the biggest Pacific landings during the Japanese war, went ashore at Wolmi Island and Incheon, the port of Seoul, in an operation which has gained for the United Nations the initiative in the Korean War and changed the whole aspect of the campaign. The force was carried and covered in a huge armada of

262 vessels—of which 194 were American, 12 British, 3 Canadian, 2 Australian, 2 New Zealand, 1 French, 1 Dutch, 32 U.S. ships leased to Japan, and 15 South Korean. Ten warships, including four cruisers—H.M.S. *Kenya*, H.M.S. *Jamaica*, U.S.S. *Rochester*, U.S.S. *Tolito*—took part in the two days' preliminary bombardment. U.S. Marines were the spearhead of the attack,



COMMUNIST PRISONERS ON WOLMI ISLAND, STRIPPED FOR CONVENIENCE OF SEARCHING, WAIT UNDER GUARD, WHILE A U.S. TANK RUMBLES FORWARD TO THE SECOND ASSAULT—THAT ON THE MAINLAND AT INCHEON. MARINE CASUALTIES WERE LOW AND SOME EIGHTY NORTH KOREAN PRISONERS WERE TAKEN IN THE BATTLE.



MOVING INTO THE SECOND PHASE OF THE ATTACK ON INCHEON: U.S. MARINES, WITH ONE OF THEIR TANKS, MOVING ALERTLY ACROSS CAPTURED WOLMI ISLAND FOR THE ASSAULT ON INCHEON ITSELF. THE PICTURE GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE DEVASTATION CAUSED BY THE BOMBARDMENT.

ON WOLMI ISLAND, WHICH GAINED THE INITIATIVE FOR THE U.N. AND CHANGED THE WAR'S ASPECT.

going ashore on Wolmi Island, a former pleasure park of Seoul, at 6 a.m. At this time much of the island was on fire from the naval bombardment and the jellied-petroleum bombs of Allied aircraft, and the Korean forces on the island were maintaining a heavy counter-fire. In thirty minutes' time, however, the Marines' flag was flying from the highest point of the

island, and at 7.1 a.m. they radioed to the invasion fleet command "Wolmi captured." Eleven hours later the assault on Incheon itself began, and within half-an-hour the beach-head was established two miles inland. Within a week's time American troops were entering Seoul and it appeared besides that the break-through on the Naktong front was already materialising.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

LIKE many of my countrymen in this workaday, austere time—one which has already lasted for Englishmen a whole decade—I have few or no opportunities to enjoy the relaxation of holidays in space. My only journeys abroad since 1939 have been wartime ones; the erstwhile joys of landing on the quayside at Calais or Dieppe with a new world before one of freedom of choice and no responsibilities have long become for me joys of memory only. But whenever dry-as-dust palls and the pressure of daily work becomes too great, I can always relax for an hour or two in a holiday taken, not in space, but in time. I leave, not England for the Continent, but 1950 for some other year or period. I do not, of course, choose a time on which I have been working, as a historian, for that would be no holiday. Nor do I take my brief voyages into time in a form which requires serious reading or any involved research, for that again would defeat its own object. I take up some book which presents the past, with a touch of comprehensive genius, in a nutshell: Aubrey's *Lives* or Pepys's *Diary*, or Boswell or Lockhart, gossiping Creevey or nostalgic Kilvert, and in a moment am borne on a broomstick of imagination into another world, where I can enjoy my surroundings and my fellow-men without obligations or anxiety. It may be what our modern puritans call escapist, but it is, I find, very reviving. The knowledge that I can always so escape when I wish, even if only for half an hour, is a great standby.

The best medium of all for such journeys in time are the bound volumes of *Punch* and *The Illustrated London News*. Here one has both reading matter and pictorial illustration; one is spared even the effort of continuous reading, for the spirit of the past is recreated by the mere act of turning the pages. Such a choice, it is true, limits one's opportunity of travel to the Victorian and Edwardian ages, for such comprehensive records did not, unfortunately, exist before 1840. *Punch* began its wonderful career in 1841, and *The Illustrated London News* in the following year; how infinitely easier would be the task of the English social historian and his readers had they started in, say, 1740, or even 1640. Yet, as anyone who tries my recipe will discover, for ample range of holiday the Victorian era offers escape enough. What an age of plenty and fullness it was! How many facets it had, how many phases, how infinite its variety! Turn to the pages of *The Illustrated London News* or *Punch* for, say, 1842, 1865, and 1899, and in each case one is in a different country. The people are different and the material phenomena of life are different.

My latest excursion has been taken, under the ægis of Mr. Punch's travel agency, into the year 1870. It was the year of the Grecian Bend—the feminine fashion referred to in the familiar song about the garden where the "praties grow," with which the tenors of the B.B.C. so frequently regale us. There is an enchanting picture of a girl wearing one, with a saucy feathered hat and flaming muff to match bending over a kindly, whiskered papa and telling him she is just going out on a walk to meet her fiancé. "All right, Agnes," replies paterfamilias, who, we are told in parenthesis, will have his little joke, "but now you've

got a Beau, wouldn't it match better if you looked a little more like an arrow?" Living in a streamlined age when ladies look, or try to look, like arrows, the charming undulations of this pretty, upholstered girl, set against the ample *decors* of Victorian mahogany and vast bow, plate-glass window, are strangely beguiling. The early eighteen-seventies afford an oasis of charm in the great mid-Victorian Sahara of strenuous ugliness; for a year or two the pages of *Punch* abound with such pretty Grecian creatures. No wonder that the susceptible Kilvert was never out of love during this tantalising period! It was as though a flight of birds had flown into one window of the crowded Victorian drawing-room, fluttered round it for a moment, and then flown out again.

The 1870 counterpart to the young lady of fashion in the Grecian Bend was the "swell." I met a number of them during my travels—splendid fellows, with Dundreary whiskers, flowing beards, impassive, classical

Granting all this, the more we feel
'Tis time the German held his hand,
And stayed the scourge, whose bloody wheel
Lies sore on Gallia, folks and land.
The more should Greatness greatly spare,
Nor seek the cup of wrath to fill,
But—hardest conquest and most rare—
Conqu'ring itself show greater still. . . .

Is Retribution all a myth?
Civilisation but a name?
Was Christ's law giv'n to man, therewith
On Christ's example to bring shame?
Is this world ruled of Heaven or Hell?
In whose hand do we live and die,
That wrong must thus worse wrong compel,
And hate humanity defy?

The British attitude to war at the time—theirs was the generation that had grown up on the hopes of the Great Exhibition of 1851—was that it was not

only wicked, but silly and beneath the consideration of a rational being. "Bazaine and his brave but unfortunate army were doubtless sorry at having to surrender their eagles," mocked *Punch*, "yet experience must have taught the famishing garrison of Metz that fifty-three or more Imperial eagles are not intrinsically worth one genuine goose."

The most abiding sense I brought back from my brief travels—they only lasted a few hours—was the contrast between the social climate of the time and our own. The gulf between Dives and Lazarus was never wider: the right of wealth and birth (in England it was never the last alone, but always a subtle, indefinable combination of the two) to the tribute of the undowered never more assured. If Karl Marx was questioning it in the musty environs of the British Museum, no shadow of that questioning strayed on to the sunny, kindly, human-

itarian pages of *Punch*. It was the rich man's Christian duty to be merciful and charitable towards the poor, but not—Heaven forbid!—to give them ideas above their station. In *Punch's* esteem manifestly the most laughable of all human phenomena was a servant presuming. Its pages are full of the merriment that naturally arose in the cultivated breast when this absurdity occurred. As for the sense of shame that nowadays seems to accompany the possession of property in any form, as if a species of cheat had been performed on the rest of the community, our well-dowered ancestors, happily for their peace of mind, knew none of it. From the rich young lady telling her girl friends, whose parents would not let them marry a man who had not either a house in town, a moor in Scotland or a hunting-box at Melton, that she would not dream of accepting anyone who had not all three, to the driver of the local bus who, passing a famous artist's house, poured scorn on the suggestion that the neighbourhood must be proud of him, with a contemptuous: "Why, they only keeps one man-servant, and he don't sleep in the 'ouse!", the industrious English were snobs and Forsytes to a man. What is more, judging by results, they seem to have done uncommonly well on the mixture.



THE QUEEN AT ST. ANDREWS: HER MAJESTY LEAVING ST. SALVATOR'S COLLEGE CHAPEL AFTER UNVEILING A STAINED-GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOW. THE COLLEGE IS CELEBRATING ITS QUINCENTENARY.

The Queen attended the 500th anniversary celebrations of the foundation of St. Salvator's College, at St. Andrews University, on September 20, and unveiled a stained-glass memorial window in the College chapel. St. Salvator's and St. Leonard's Colleges were merged in 1747 into the present United College of St. Andrews. In our photograph the Queen can be seen, wearing the scarlet gown and L.L.D. hood of the University, leaving the Collegiate Church of St. Salvator, closely attended by the Earl of Elgin and Sheriff Lillie. A photograph of the tomb of Bishop Kennedy, founder of St. Salvator's, and of the ancient oaken pulpit in the chapel, appears on another page in this issue.

features and a drawl that was almost visible. They were at that time the most favoured creatures on earth, the counterpart of the American millionaire of to-day: hunting, shooting, fishing, mashing, cigar-smoking and practical joking, and, in their easy-going, boyish way, ruling the earth by their la-di-da, but not unkindly English-gentleman-of-family standards in the intervals of these activities. One of them—a poor relation of the breed—self-styled "Your own Cockalorum," acted as war correspondent for *Punch* with the German armies in the 1870 war. And a rare game he made of his messmates, "the Proosian officers, Dooks of Seidlitz Powers and little Singymaringy downwards—the Hereditaries and Transparencies and Grand Dooks and six-foot nothings in jack-boots all over the shop." At that time the Prussian Army was about ten times the size of the British and three or four times as well-equipped and efficient, but our ancestors regarded it and its domination of Germany and victory over France with an almost amused and contemptuous indifference. Only when the newly-united Germans, having beaten the vainglorious French fire-eaters of Louis Napoleon's *opéra-bouffe* Empire, proceeded to trample on France and refuse to make a reasonable peace, did the comfortable English begin to feel uneasy.



TO BE KEPT FOR A PUBLIC OPEN SPACE: THE POOL SITE AT WARWICK AVENUE, PADDINGTON.

It was announced on September 12 that the Minister of Town and Country Planning had dismissed an appeal by Paddington Borough Council against the refusal of the London County Council to permit development for housing purposes of a site at Warwick Avenue, Paddington. The proposal was to use part of the site on the easterly bank of the Grand Union Canal basin, known as the Pool, from the corner of Harrow Road and Warwick Avenue to Blomfield Road for flats while preserving the amenities of the area. The scheme was opposed by the L.C.C. on the grounds that there was a serious shortage of public open spaces

in the district and that the site had an exceptional charm. Our drawing shows in the centre the site in question, with trees sheltering some studios in the gardens of the derelict great houses of that part of Warwick Avenue running from Harrow Road to Blomfield Road. On the right is the beginning of the curve of Warwick Crescent, with the canal frontage topped by a gracious balustrade in striking contrast with the utilitarian iron railings surmounting the towpath on the opposite bank. Barges are moored at the small eyot in the left centre while other canal craft pass up and down to their various destinations.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



(ABOVE.) LEAVING THE GROOT KERK IN PRETORIA AFTER THE FUNERAL SERVICE: THE COFFIN BORNE ON A GUN-CARRIAGE. THE SPIRE OF THE CHURCH CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL SMUTS: IMPRESSIVE SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ON September 15 the funeral of one of the greatest men of our time, General Jan Christiaan Smuts, took place in South Africa. At the time of going to
(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.) LISTENING TO THE BROADCAST SERVICE: PART OF THE CROWD THAT GATHERED OUTSIDE THE CREMATORIUM IN JOHANNESBURG. THE TOWER OF THE CREMATORIUM CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE SCENE INSIDE THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE IN WHICH GENERAL SMUTS'S BODY WAS TAKEN TO JOHANNESBURG. THE COACH WAS FILLED WITH WREATHS AND THE COFFIN PLACED ON A HIGH BIER.



LEADING THE FUNERAL PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF JOHANNESBURG: A PIPE BAND, WATCHED BY THE SILENT CROWDS ALONG THE ROUTE.



REPRESENTING MR. CHURCHILL: MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIR ARTHUR HARRIS (LEFT) ARRIVING AT THE GROOT KERK, PRETORIA, WITH GENERAL PALMER, THE CHIEF OF POLICE.



STREWN WITH FLOWERS FOR HIS FINAL PASSING: IRENE, GENERAL SMUTS'S HOME STATION, WHERE A CHOIR FROM THE NATIVE SCHOOL SANG AS THE TRAIN BEARING THE COFFIN PASSED BY.



BENEATH THE SHADOW OF TABLE MOUNTAIN SO LOVED BY GENERAL SMUTS: THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN CAPE TOWN, HELD AT THE SAME TIME AS THE FUNERAL.



Continued.
press with our last issue we were only able to publish radio photographs, but we now show on these pages more of the impressive scenes in Pretoria and Johannesburg. The State funeral, with full military honours, took place in Pretoria; the funeral service being held at the Groot Kerk. The coffin was then borne in procession on a gun-carriage to the station; from there it was taken in a special carriage to Johannesburg, where the cremation took place. Both Pretoria and Johannesburg were shrouded in a majestic silence, flags everywhere flew at half-mast, and great crowds lined the streets in the shimmering heat to pay homage to South Africa's greatest son. On September 17 General Smuts's ashes were taken to his farm at Irene, where at an informal and private ceremony members of the family arranged to scatter them on the veldt he loved so well.

(LEFT.) DRAPED IN BLACK WITH REVERSED BOOTS IN THE STIRRUPS: THE BLACK CHARGER THAT FOLLOWED BEHIND THE COFFIN IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN PRETORIA.



PASSING THE CITY HALL, JOHANNESBURG: THE HEARSE ON THE WAY TO THE CREMATORIUM. MANY PEOPLE TRAVELLED HUNDREDS OF MILES TO SEE THE COFFIN PASS.



ARRIVING AT THE CREMATORIUM ESCORTED BY MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY: THE HEARSE CARRYING THE BODY OF GENERAL SMUTS. SOME OF THE WREATHS CAN BE SEEN (LEFT).

A NOTABLE GIFT TO THE NATION:

ASCOTT WING, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.



THE CHILTERN ACROSS THE VALE OF AYLESBURY: A VIEW FROM THE HOUSE.



A CORNER OF THE DRAWING-ROOM, SHOWING SOME OF THE REMARKABLE ORIENTAL PORCELAIN.



CONTAINING FINE MID-EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FURNITURE: THE LIBRARY.



FEATURING A LIFE-SIZE FIGURE OF VENUS: THE BRONZE ITALIAN FOUNTAIN.



A NOTABLE GIFT TO THE NATION: ASCOTT WING—A VIEW OF THE HOUSE.



SHOWING PART OF THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ISFAHAN CARPET: ONE END OF THE LIBRARY.



CONTAINING A FRIEZE OF MOTTOES: THE COMMON ROOM AT ASCOTT WING.



DATING IN PART FROM JAMES I.: THE BACK OF THE HOUSE SEEN FROM THE TERRACE.



THE LILY POND, WHICH HAS A FINE DISPLAY OF WATER-LILIES.



HUNG WITH FINE DUTCH PICTURES: THE DINING-ROOM AT ASCOTT WING.



THE HALL, SHOWING THE KIRMANSHAH CARPET AND A PICTURE BY STUBBS.



A FEATURE OF THE WELL-LAID-OUT GARDENS: THE ITALIAN GARDEN.

IT was recently announced that Mr. and Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild have given their collection of pictures and Oriental porcelain to the National Trust, together with the house and grounds of Ascott Wing, Buckinghamshire, and an endowment. The family will continue to live there; and it is hoped to make arrangements for the public to see the collection during the summer months, starting next year. The original Ascott was built at the beginning of the seventeenth century, but was almost wholly rebuilt

and enlarged in the 1870's and subsequently when it had come into the possession of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. Ascott Wing, which owes its name to its site to the east of Wing church, is beautifully placed on high ground. The 30-acre grounds and gardens are among the finest in the country. The collection of works of art, furniture, pictures and Oriental porcelain will remain in the settings chosen by the donors.—(Eight photographs copyright "Country Life" and four copyright "The Times.")



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. LEEDS POTTERY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

distinguished for a remarkably glossy and hard glaze. Although the effect of the entire surface of the piece is a cream colour, yet an attentive examination of the glaze itself, where it has run into some degree of thickness into the interstices, will show that it has a decided green cast. To attain the cream colour, both

five sections and about 4 ft. in height. Many of these have returned to England from the Continent, where they seem to have been much in favour.

Another out-of-the-way design is illustrated in Fig. 1—a cistern (sometimes referred to as a filter, though there is no filtering arrangement inside) which evidently enjoyed a local popularity, for the ordinary water supply was very bad and Holbeck had a reputation for "Spa water"—this was carried round and kept in these elegant receptacles. The large tureen-like object, with its pierced cover, is for chestnuts (Fig. 4). These were exported to the Continent in considerable numbers, often had an impressed basket pattern above the lid, a modelled flower for a knob, a ladle and a perforated stand. The fruit-baskets are very pleasant things once the convention of imitating wickerwork in pottery is accepted, and very skilfully and carefully made. Early pattern books list a very wide range of designs—48 designs for tea services and 221 for other purposes, from dishes to flower-pots.

So much for the cream ware, which is, on the whole, the most important contribution made by the factory. There is also Black Transfer Print on cream ware, Blue Printed Ware and the so-called Black Egyptian Ware—better known as Black Basalt, an invention of Josiah Wedgwood. But while Wedgwood made all sorts of things in this body—vases and medallions, for example—Leeds produced only tea and coffee ware, which, it is said, was considered appropriate for funerals. I must confess I find it excessively lugubrious and exceedingly dull. But the figures are



FIG. 1. A CHARMING CISTERN IN LEEDS CREAM WARE, FROM THE LEEDS CITY ART GALLERY COLLECTION. These cisterns had a considerable local popularity in Leeds and were used to hold the Holbeck "spa water," which was much preferred to the indifferent ordinary water.

body and glaze had a certain amount of colouring matter. . . . We believe that the surest means of the identification of unmarked pieces lies in the peculiar colour and disposition of the glaze."

As to marks, these are few and simple. In the very early days there were none, and the Kidsons note that later (*i.e.*, after 1781) the pottery seems to have been in the habit of marking very ordinary pieces and leaving the better ones unmarked—only about one in a hundred are so distinguished. It has been suggested that this policy was adopted so that the cream ware could be sold as Wedgwood's—if so, it seems odd that no attempt was made to imitate Wedgwood's mark, nor—and this is convincing enough—to imitate Wedgwood patterns. Instead, the Leeds people evolved some very pleasant and original designs and made considerable use of piercing, an excellent example of which is seen in Fig. 4. The extent to which firms would sometimes go in the effort to gain a temporary advantage is shown by the trick played by a small



FIG. 3. TWO LEEDS FIGURES. "NO ONE CLAIMS THEM AS MASTERPIECES OF CERAMICS, BUT THEY PORTRAY ENGAGING COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS, AND WHY SHOULD ONLY FAMOUS PORCELAIN FACTORIES OBTAIN ALL THE GLORY?"



FIG. 2. "... FOR ALL THEIR ASSUMPTION OF METROPOLITAN SWAGGER [THEY] RETAIN A RUSTIC SIMPLICITY PROPER TO THE STERN AND FORTHRIGHT NORTH." EXAMPLES OF LEEDS COLOURED FIGURE POTTERY.

of the utmost possible interest for the Festival of Britain next year. The place is, in short, run with imagination and insight—one just cannot suffer from boredom.

But though on this occasion I went to enjoy the classic sweetness of Poussin, with Picasso as a somewhat bitter dessert, I was reminded that once upon a time Leeds played a part—and by no means a negligible part—in the development of the pottery industry in this country. A small portion of the Gallery's enormous collection of the local ware is cleverly displayed in small vitrines in a long passage-way, with pictures hung in between (all part of the anti-boredom campaign which is now being waged by most museums), and it occurred to me that a few photographs would not be amiss. The pottery seems to have been established about 1760, and at the beginning manufactured the usual type of Staffordshire slipware, but about twenty years later it developed a cream ware which was quite distinctive and which found a ready market abroad. It was Josiah Wedgwood who first made cream ware, and it was an order from Queen Charlotte in 1765 and her continued patronage afterwards which caused it to be called "Queen's Ware" and set other potters in pursuit of similar results. To summarise a rather long story, the Leeds version of this agreeable type, according to J. R. and F. Kidson, who wrote the only history of the factory as long ago as 1892, "was always



FIG. 4. THE MOST FAMILIAR TYPE OF LEEDS POTTERY, THE PIERCED CREAM WARE: (LEFT) A LARGE CHESTNUT BOWL WITH THE FAVOURITE ROPE-LIKE HANDLES; AND (RIGHT) A SMALL MELON-SHAPED DISH ADORNED WITH RED LINES.

pottery at Ferrybridge which made a relative of Josiah Wedgwood a partner and changed the name to Wedgwood and Co. Leeds marks, when they do occur, are either Leeds Pottery, or Hartley Greens & Co. Leeds Pottery, or simply L.P., all impressed while the clay was soft. Some cream ware pieces were very elaborate—table-centre pieces like the *épergnes* beloved by the Victorians, made in four or

a different matter—lively enough and naïve and quite entertaining: for example, a horse, sometimes white, sometimes buff, and best of all, sometimes spotted, which, it is said, was placed in druggists' windows to show that horse-medicines could be obtained there. The large chestnut bowl with the small covered dish shaped like a melon on its leaf-like stand of Fig. 4 show this most agreeable and characteristic cream ware at its best. The ornament seems to me to be treated with rare discretion—I'm not so austere that I find a little whimsicality tiresome, and pottery lends itself very readily to this sort of invention. I was assured, by the way, that the piercing was invariably done with a series of punches (if that is the correct word) and not pressed in a mould, and the twisted rope-like handles are a favourite convention. The small melon-shaped dish is adorned with red lines. The cistern of Fig. 1, with dolphin spout and pair of curved handles, speaks for itself.

Have I seen similar things in seventeenth and eighteenth-century Dutch Delftware? I seem to remember one or two, but cannot place them exactly—if so, this local fashion was probably inspired by them. The figures (Figs. 2 and 3) for all their assumption of metropolitan swagger, retain a rustic simplicity proper to the stern and forthright North. No one claims them as masterpieces of ceramics, but they portray engaging country boys and girls, and why should only famous porcelain factories obtain all the glory?

THE CRYSTAL CAT SHOW: PRIZE WINNERS AT OLYMPIA.



MISS G.K. SLADEN'S SILVER BLUE TABBY: "STONER SPIV," WHO HAS APPEARED ON NATIONAL SAVINGS POSTERS



THE BEST EXHIBIT: MISS A. STEER'S CHINCHILLA FEMALE CH. "LANGHERNE WINSOME"



THE BEST LONGHAIRER BLACK: MRS. E.G. AITKEN'S CH. "BOURNESIDE BLACK DIAMOND"



THE BEST SIAMESE BLUE OR CHOCOLATE POINTED: MR. B.A. STIRLING-WEBB'S "MISSELFORE PAN PRINT"



AT THE LARGEST CAT SHOW: MRS. J.M. RICHARDSON'S FIVE-MONTH-OLD CREAM KITTEN "FANIFOLD IOLANTHE"



ONE OF THE HANDSOME EXHIBITS: MRS. F.C. MAYNE'S CREAM LONGHAIRER "FANIFOLD OF IPECACUANHA"



THE BEST LONGHAIRER BLUE CREAM IN THE SHOW: MRS. L. SPIERS' "WOBBURN PANSY"



THE CAT THAT ESCAPED FROM A SHOW EARLIER THIS YEAR: MRS. J. THOMPSON'S "GLORIA"

Cat-lovers from all over England went to Olympia on September 20 and 21 for the Crystal Cat Show, which attracted 797 entries from 432 exhibitors. Although the best exhibit in the show was a chinchilla female, Miss A. Steer's Ch. *Langherne Winsome*, the blue Persian cats and kittens showed the best post-war standard. Siamese adults were not in their best condition at this time of year, but

there were some nice kittens. The show included an exhibition of "interesting cats," including a rare male tortoise-shell and a cat with twenty-five toes and its kitten, which has twenty-four toes. Miss Pat. Tucker's champion, *Vectensian Copper Eyes*, and her three kittens, *Brutus*, *Bronze* and *Bracken*, were judged the finest short-haired litter at the show.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



BEFORE STARTING ON THEIR SECOND ATTEMPT TO FLY TO NEW YORK NON-STOP: LIEUT.-COL. RITCHIE (LEFT) AND COLONEL SCHILLING.
Two United States jet fighter aircraft crossed the Atlantic on September 22 in an attempt to fly non-stop from London to New York. One pilot, Colonel Schilling, landed at an Air Force base in Maine after flying about 3300 miles in 10 hours. The other, Lieut.-Colonel Ritchie, baled out over Labrador and was picked up by a helicopter. These men were the first to fly jet planes non-stop across the Atlantic.



THE LATE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN.
The Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven died at Kensington Palace on September 24 at the age of eighty-seven. She was the widow of Admiral of the Fleet the Marquess of Milford Haven, First Sea Lord at the outbreak of World War I. Her three surviving children, the Crown Princess of Sweden, Princess Andrew of Greece, and Lord Mountbatten of Burma, were with her. The burial was arranged to take place at Whippingham Church, in the Isle of Wight.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



TO BE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF SOUTH AFRICA: DR. E. G. JANSEN (LEFT) WITH HIS WIFE AND SON.
It was announced recently that the King had approved the appointment of Dr. E. G. Jansen as Governor-General of South Africa. He will succeed Mr. van Zyl, who will retire from the office on December 31. Dr. Jansen, who is sixty-nine, spent fifteen of his twenty-four years in the South African House of Assembly as Speaker. He is Minister of Native Affairs in the present Government, and interested in all movements promoting Afrikaans culture.



MR. R. A. MACLEAN.
On the eve of the Steel debate in the House of Commons it was announced that Mr. R. A. Maclean had withdrawn his agreement to accept appointment as a part-time member of the Iron and Steel Corporation. He is chairman of A. F. Stoddard and Co., a chartered accountant, and a director of other industrial undertakings.



PRINCESS MARGARET AT PERTH: H.R.H. RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM MRS. J. URE PRIMROSE, WIFE OF THE LORD PROVOST.
Bowerswell House, the Perth mansion now converted into an eventide home, which is the city war memorial, was opened by Princess Margaret on September 19. Her Royal Highness, who arrived by car from Balmoral, was met at the borough boundary, by the Lord Provost Mr. J. Ure Primrose, and escorted to the City Chambers. After luncheon, Princess Margaret drove to Bowerswell, where she met sixteen old people who are already living in the home.



DR. ARTHUR MILNE.
Died in Dublin on September 22, aged fifty-four, while on his way to the conference of the Royal Astronomical Society in Dublin. He had been Rouse Ball Professor of Mathematics and Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford University, since 1928. In 1935 he won the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society.



WINNER OF THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE: DR. BUNCHE (LEFT) BEING CONGRATULATED BY MR. ANDREW CORDIER, UNITED NATIONS ASSISTANT SECRETARY-GENERAL.
Dr. Ralph Bunche, who was acting United Nations mediator in Palestine after the assassination of Count Bernadotte on September 17, 1948, and negotiated the armistices between Israel and the Arab States, has been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Dr. Bunche, who is a Negro, is forty-four years old. He returned from Palestine to the United States in April, 1949, to resume his former post as a director of the United Nations Trusteeship Division.



NOW APPOINTED TO THE PERMANENT RANK OF GENERAL OF THE ARMY: GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY, WITH PRESIDENT TRUMAN AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
President Truman recently signed legislation authorising him to appoint General Omar Bradley to the permanent rank of a five-star General. General Bradley is Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a former Army Chief of Staff. He has played a prominent part in the military planning for the defence of Europe in the North Atlantic Treaty organisation. Our photograph shows General Bradley with President Truman at the White House on September 22.

PUBLIC DIPLOMACY IN A TIME OF CRISIS: THE FIFTH U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY.



(1) BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE FIFTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS: MR. DEVIN (RIGHT) SHAKES HANDS WITH THE RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, MR. VISHINSKY. BETWEEN THEM (L. TO R.) ARE SIR G. JEBB AND MR. J. F. DULLES. (2) MR. WARREN AUSTIN (U.S.) PRODUCES A MODERN RUSSIAN SUB-MACHINE-GUN, CAPTURED IN KOREA. (3) SALUTATION BEFORE THE TOURNEY: MR. DEAN ACHESON, U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE, GREETS MR. VISHINSKY AT FLUSHING MEADOW. (4) MR. ACHESON CONDEMNS THE ATTEMPT TO ADMIT COMMUNIST CHINA TO U.N. MEMBERSHIP. (5) MR. BERNARD BARUCH, THE U.S. ELDER STATESMAN, TALKS WITH MR. VISHINSKY. (6) LEADERS OF THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION: (L. TO R.) MR. MALIK AND MR. VISHINSKY. (7) THE RUSSIAN "ORDER GROUP": MR. VISHINSKY BRIEFS HIS SUBORDINATES.

The fifth General Assembly of the United Nations opened at Flushing Meadow, New York, on September 19, under the presidency of the outgoing President, General Romulo, of the Philippines. The question of the representation of Communist China, as was expected, came up for immediate discussion; and an Indian proposal that the Peking Government be admitted (which was supported by the U.K.) was defeated

by 33 votes to 16, with 10 abstentions. The following day Mr. Acheson made a strong statement on U.S. policy and called for a World Security Force. The same day Sir Owen Dixon's report on his efforts at mediation in the Kashmir dispute was published. The new President of the Assembly is H.E. Nasrollah Entezam of Iran, Persia's permanent United Nations representative.



THE FLIGHT REFUELLING "PROBE" ON THE WING OF A THUNDERJET FIGHTER.



THE TANKER FEEDING THE FIGHTER THROUGH A "PROBE" FITTED TO THE WING.



REFUELLING IN FLIGHT: A THUNDERJET FIGHTER TAKING FUEL ON BOARD FROM A R.A.F. LINCOLN TANKER: SHOWING THE HOSE CONNECTED TO THE WING "PROBE."



THE TANKER'S FLIGHT REFUELLING HOSE UNIT AND "DROGUE" IN THE HOUSED POSITION.



THE FIGHTER PILOT'S VIEW OF A FLIGHT REFUELLING TANKER, WITH TRAILING HOSE AND DROGUE.

FIRST NON-STOP TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT BY JET FIGHTER AIRCRAFT: THE "PROBE-DROGUE" REFUELLING SYSTEM.

On September 22 two U.S.A.F. *Thunderjet* fighters left Manston Airfield, Kent, to fly 3800 miles non-stop to New York. The aircraft were refuelled over Scotland, Iceland and Labrador by means of the latest British "Probe-Drogue" system.

One *Thunderjet* landed at Limestone Air Base, Maine, the same evening, while the pilot of the second aircraft had to parachute from the machine over Labrador after flying 3300 miles. He was picked up by a rescue helicopter.



TAKING PART IN THE AUTUMN CRUISE OF THE HOME FLEET: H.M.S. VANGUARD (LEFT), THE FLAGSHIP OF ADMIRAL SIR PHILIP VIAN, WITH (RIGHT) H.M.S. DEVONSHIRE.



UNITS OF THE HOME FLEET EN ROUTE FOR GIBRALTAR: THE DESTROYER H.M.S. CROSSBOW, WITH A FOREGROUND OF FIREFLIES ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF H.M.S. VENGEANCE.

THE OPENING OF THE HOME FLEET'S AUTUMN CRUISE: EXERCISES EN ROUTE FOR GIBRALTAR.

On September 15 ships of the Home Fleet sailed from Portland and other ports for Gibraltar, where they were joining units of the Royal Canadian Navy. The Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, Admiral Sir Philip Vian, flew his flag in the battleship *Vanguard*. Among more than twenty ships taking part in the cruise were the fleet

carrier *Indefatigable*, the light carrier *Vengeance*, and the cruisers *Swiftsure* and *Cleopatra*. Eleven destroyers, two frigates and submarines and other ships were also included. The cadet training cruiser *Devonshire* sailed with the Home Fleet on her way to the Mediterranean for training purposes.

ACADEMIC work has led during the past year to a great deal of reading about the Second Coalition against France of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. One of the main features of the period is the dissolution of the alliance between Britain and Russia, a topical subject. It has always given me pleasure to go back once in a while to the past. Sometimes it seems to shed a beam of light upon the present; if not, it is a means of escape from it, and even a regular commentator as closely concerned as I am with the doings of our own time may be allowed an occasional week off of this character. I possess, I am glad to say, evidence that some at least of my readers take this view; they not only give sanction to the literary holiday—often connected with a physical holiday—but are kind enough to appreciate it.

In the political field the Second Coalition was in the main the work of Pitt and of his Foreign Secretary, Lord Grenville. In action, the chief contributor was Nelson, who in 1798 led the Navy back to the Mediterranean, which it had been forced to abandon in 1796. His destruction of the French fleet at the Battle of the Nile placed

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE BREAK-UP OF A FORMER RUSSO-BRITISH ALLIANCE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

which could be reached from its waters, to drive the French out of Switzerland, to drive them out of Italy by means of a Russian reinforcement of the Austrian armies, and to free the Netherlands. This last, it was originally hoped, would be achieved mainly by the Prussians from the east. With Prussia refusing to enter the war, Pitt was compelled to fall back on the expedient of a combined operation by British and Russian troops under the protection of the British Fleet. One part of the programme was triumphantly successful. At the head of an allied army in Italy, Suvarov defeated the French in battle after battle, finally reducing their holding to the north-west corner. In Switzerland, owing to the skill and vigour of Masséna, matters did not

in view of Russian unfriendliness, Malta should be retained. He did not announce this decision, but Russia strongly suspected it. The French garrison of Valetta, after a fine defence, capitulated on September 5, 1800. This was the signal for a display of wild rage on the part of Paul. He laid an embargo on British shipping in his ports, burnt a number of them and imprisoned their crews. It looked as though open war was about to break out between Britain and her nominal ally. Our other great ally, Austria, had been defeated by Napoleon in Italy and by Moreau in Germany.

The First Consul was rubbing his hands. In the Baltic as in the Mediterranean he was scoring diplomatic successes. The neutral States of the North had been growing more and more angry about the British interpretation of the right of search at sea, well established though it was. Frigate actions with Danes and Swedes took place, and Prussia seized Cuxhaven, invaluable to British trade with the Continent. Paul revived the Armed Neutrality of the North, which had been used against us during the American War of Independence, twenty years earlier. A treaty of renewal was signed by Russia and Sweden on December 16, 1800, and at once adhered to by Prussia and Denmark. We could not, we dared not, refuse to accept the challenge. It was met in the Battle of Copenhagen on April 2, 1801, by the destruction of the Danish Fleet, a battle fought under a new Government, Pitt having resigned over the "Irish Question" after preparing the action taken by his successor, Addington. If Nelson could have got at the Russian fleet, shut up by ice in Reval, he would have seized it. In fact, however, the king-pin of the confederacy was broken. Before the battle, though the news did not reach Nelson till some time after it, Tsar Paul had been murdered. Alexander, who succeeded him, did not continue his policy, and open hostilities with Russia were avoided.

Such, in brief outline, is the course of events which led to Russian withdrawal from the Second Coalition, which contributed to its collapse—though it was French victories on land which compelled Austria to make a separate peace—and which brought closer the Treaty of Amiens. It may be said that no alliance could have been firmer at the outset than that between Britain and Russia. The Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Count Voronov, was the personal friend of Grenville, and on several occasions sent him by hand despatches from St. Petersburg immediately they arrived, without waiting to make a copy from which he could have omitted passages not meant for any eyes but his. The main differences between the quarrel of those days and that of our own are that the defection of Russia under Paul took place in the midst of a war, but a war in which she was not directly threatened and in fact was courted by the enemy; that Russian policy at the outset was less purely selfish—which, the cynics may retort, was because the Emperor was mad—but more violent and unbalanced later on, when Russia considered that she had been wronged; and that the threat we had to meet, deadly as it was, affected our interpretation of the laws of the sea and our trade rather than our very existence, though it might have come to the same thing in the long run.

Britain had little with which to reproach herself on the score of faith, though much on that of blundering. Even in the case of Malta, the most doubtful incident, she did not decide to keep it out of Russian hands until Russia had already displayed gross unfriendliness. In April, 1800, the Government dismissed its foremost soldier, Sir Charles Stuart, because, realising the strategic value of Malta, he



DIRECTING THE GREAT LANDING AT INCHON FROM THE FLAG-BRIDGE OF HIS COMMAND SHIP, THE U.S.S. MT. MCKINLEY, AND WATCHING THE ALLIED BOMBARDMENT OF WOLMI ISLAND AND INCHON: GENERAL MACARTHUR (SEATED), THE SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE U.N. FORCES IN KOREA.

The landing at Wolmi Island and Inchon behind the North Korean lines was directed by General MacArthur from the U.S. Amphibious Force Flagship *Mt. McKinley*. He is seen here seated on the bridge with, standing with him (l. to r.), Brigadier-General C. Whitney, Brigadier-General Wright, and Major-General E. M. Almond, the commander of the landing-force, X Corps. The planner of the amphibious operation was the U.S. expert, Rear-Admiral James H. Doyle.

us in full control of those waters, locked up the redoubtable young General Bonaparte in Egypt, and caused other Powers to take an optimistic view of the prospects of driving back the French to their former frontiers. The wealth of Britain, a small fraction of what it is to-day, but not yet dissipated by overwhelmingly heavy taxation, did the rest. Subsidies to Austria were delayed by a quarrel about recognition of those of the past, but were accorded to Russia to an extent which enabled her to send large forces into Italy and Switzerland and to take part in the invasion of Holland. Just as in the last war Soviet Russia required aid in kind, tanks, aircraft, transport, food, and many other things, from her allies to enable her to make head against Germany, so in this old war Tsarist Russia could not deploy her forces to the best effect without aid in cash. Her military characteristics were somewhat similar in the two wars: dogged valour and determination, but also a certain clumsiness. Except, however, where Suvarov commanded, leadership under the Empire was far inferior to leadership under Stalin.

The ruler of Russia was the young Tsar Paul. He is commonly described as a madman, but we found him a warmer ally than most of the better-balanced rulers and statesmen of Europe. As the American historian Mahan notes, there was a highly chivalrous vein in him. If Stalin was the more effective ally, Paul was the more generous and friendly. Russia was, then as now, inspired by "imperialism," but the expansionist urge had not developed as it was to in the nineteenth century. Then, too, Christianity provided a link between nations opposed to a State which had professedly abandoned that faith. One of the Tsar's motives was a blend of chivalry and vanity. Russia had become possessed of estates of the Knights of Malta in Poland, and the Emperor had accepted the appointment of official "protector" of the Order. Bonaparte's seizure of Malta on his way to Egypt enraged Paul and spurred him on to great endeavours against France. Later on, signs that Britain contemplated retaining the island when it had been recovered from the French were to contribute to the collapse of the Second Coalition. To begin with, however, the alliance was firm and hearty. It was to render possible one of the most brilliant of Russian campaigns in a land which had not previously witnessed a display of Muscovite prowess.

The plans for the year 1799, British in essence, were to use the Mediterranean in aid of all friendly Powers

go so well for the Austrians, but the Archduke Charles captured Zurich and established himself in a strong position. Then it was decided that the Archduke should move to the middle Rhine, that Suvarov should leave to the Austrians the relatively easy task of completing the conquest of Italy, march through the St. Gothard, take over command of another Russian force under Korsakov now in Switzerland and an Austrian detachment left behind by the Archduke, and finish the work of driving out the French which the latter had begun.

The plan in essence was good enough, except that the Russians were less suited to warfare in the mountains of Switzerland than in the plain of the Po; but it was marred in the execution. The Archduke was hurried away, so that the Russians actually suspected the Austrians of a desire to see their allies defeated. Suvarov delayed his march. Such errors against Masséna were fatal. He threw himself on Korsakov and utterly defeated him on September 25 and 26, while his lieutenant, Soult, routed the Austrian corps. Simultaneously Suvarov crossed the St. Gothard, too late. He managed to bullock his way through the French and retired into Bavaria with the loss of guns, baggage, sick, and many battle casualties. Finally the Tsar ordered him home. Paul was infuriated by the disaster, followed by a fiasco in Holland. An Anglo-Russian invasion, launched in August, ended in October in a convention by which the invading army was allowed to depart in peace. Bad Russian leadership had contributed to this reverse, but it was a British expedition, our responsibility. "But, good God," wrote Buckingham to his brother Grenville, "to what a degree the Duke of York must have felt his danger, or must have been broken in spirit, to have signed a convention which I consider as the most disgraceful to the British character of any document I have ever seen!" The one consolation was that we kept the captured Dutch Fleet.

Paul did not at once break the alliance, but it was dying—and Bonaparte, escaped from Egypt, was home and now ruler of France. He flattered and cajoled the Tsar with great skill and was aided by two new weaknesses in his foes. The first concerned Malta. We were pledged to restore it to the Knights, but there was a body of opinion which did not altogether relish the sight of a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean and considered that Malta in the hands of the Knights meant Malta in the hands of the Russians. Grenville finally came to the conclusion that,



ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF NORTH KOREAN OFFICERS CAPTURED BY THE U.S. TROOPS: AN UNNAMED LIEUTENANT-COLONEL (RIGHT), COMMANDER OF AN ARTILLERY REGIMENT, WITH (LEFT) HIS AIDE.

refused to obey orders for its disposal. Dundas wrote, properly enough, to Grenville that he would have listened to military arguments from Stuart, but could not maintain him in his appointment in the Mediterranean when he refused to hand back the island to the Knights. "If officers are to control our councils there is an end to all government." Albion was far from perfidious in that instance. May she be as honest and at the same time as firm to-day.

THE FALL OF SEOUL: UNITED NATIONS RECOVER THE KOREAN CAPITAL.



(UPPER.) SEOUL, THE CAPITAL CITY OF SOUTH KOREA AND THE VITAL COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE OF THE NORTH KOREAN INVADERS, WHICH FELL TO UNITED NATIONS TROOPS ON SEPTEMBER 26.

(LOWER.) SEOUL, A VIEW OF A MODERN SHOPPING CENTRE OF THE RECAPTURED KOREAN CAPITAL: THE LIBERATION WAS EFFECTED "WITH THE LEAST POSSIBLE DAMAGE TO CIVIL INSTALLATIONS."

Exactly three months after the North Korean crossing of the 38th parallel and ten days after the brilliant U.N. amphibious landing at Inchon, General MacArthur announced (on September 26), "Seoul, capital of the Republic of Korea, is again in friendly hands. United Nations forces, including the 17th Regiment of the Republic of Korea Army and elements of the U.S. Seventh and First Marine

Divisions, have completed the envelopment and seizure. . . . The liberation of the city was conducted in such a manner as to cause the least possible damage to civil installations." An X Corps communiqué said that the defence of the city broke on September 25 and the enemy were in flight in a north-eastwards direction. At the time of writing "mopping-up" was in progress.

THE UNITED NATIONS' FORCES IN ATTACK: BATTLE SCENES IN KOREA.



LINING THE SUMMIT OF A HILL NEAR THE NAKTONG RIVER: U.S. MARINES UNDER MORTAR FIRE DURING A RECENT ADVANCE IN THE CENTRAL SECTOR.



GUARDING KIMPO AIRFIELD AFTER ITS CAPTURE FROM THE NORTH KOREANS ON THE DAY OF THE LANDINGS AT INCHON: U.S. TANKS, WITH A WRECKED RUSSIAN-BUILT YAK FIGHTER ON THE LEFT.

At the time of writing, the attack on Seoul which followed on the capture of the port of Inchon and Kimpo airfield on September 15, has been intensified and the distance separating the main fronts in Korea has been narrowed to 60 miles by an advance by the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division to a point 16 miles north-east of Taejon. It is reported that the Communists are prepared to fight for Seoul street by street,

and the main streets have been barricaded, while sandbagged machine-gun posts cover the lines of approach. Reinforcements for the United Nations forces have been flown in from Japan in eight *Skymaster* transports and sixty-six air-freighters. Kimpo airfield is guarded by U.S. tanks and an enemy counter-attack was beaten off on September 23.



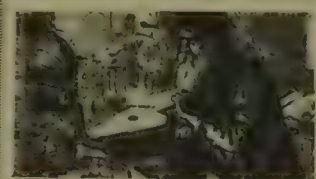
ROUNDING-UP NORTH KOREAN PRISONERS ON THE BORDERS OF KIMPO AIRFIELD : U.S. MARINES SEARCHING A CORNFIELD FOR STRAGGLERS IN HIDING.



BURNING OUT, POSSIBLE NORTH KOREAN SNIPERS : U.S. ENGINEERS POURING PETROL INTO A CAVE NEAR INCHEON DURING THE UNITED NATIONS' BEACH-HEAD OPERATION.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE LOBSTER.

By the late Dr. ROBERT GURNEY.

MYTH is apt to magnify events and things, and we cannot take seriously the story of Olaus Magnus (1555) of lobsters so large that they could crush a man to death; but there is no doubt that when lobsters were allowed to live out their lives without the interference of man, they did grow to sizes which we should now regard as enormous. The American lobster differs little from the European one, though it is a distinct species, but it seems to be capable of growing to a larger size, and no European lobster is recorded so large as some from America. Several are preserved in America which exceed 20 ins. in length and weighed 20-30 lb. when caught; whereas the largest known European lobster is one in Bergen Museum, taken in 1850, and measuring about 19 ins. with an estimated weight of 12 lb. The history of the fishery in America is fairly well known. Beginning in the first years of the nineteenth century, the large lobsters were rapidly exterminated, and in some places, as at Cape Cod, the local fishery was exhausted in about fifty years. The fishery round our own coasts probably began much earlier, so that no record has been handed down of a period when large lobsters were common, and it may well be that they did in fact grow as large here as they did in America. There is generally some fact behind fiction, and Olaus Magnus must have had some ground for his story. May not lobsters have shared the elasticity of fish in fishermen's tales? Anyway, we may not doubt that "lobsters were lobsters" in the good old days. It is a remarkable fact that the largest lobster on record, weighing 42 lb., was caught in 1934 off the Virginia Capes, and is now in Boston Museum. There is no means of knowing how old such a specimen would be, but it must have evaded capture for very many years.

In view of the devastating efficiency of our methods of capture, protective measures have become necessary everywhere, but the problem of effective protection is by no means an easy one to solve. In the first place, it is obviously necessary to ensure that a sufficient number of females are allowed to breed at least once in their lives. The size at maturity varies to some extent from place to place, but in this country it has been accepted that a female should normally produce eggs when 8 ins. long, so that this has been laid down as the minimum size of a marketable lobster. This is running things very fine, for many lobsters do not breed till they are 10-12 ins. long, so that many are killed before they have had a chance to reproduce. The number of eggs laid increases rapidly with size, so that it would be a great advantage, if it were practicable, to protect females over, as well as under, a certain size. A 10-in. lobster has about 5000 eggs, but a big one about 100,000. In some places it is illegal to kill a berried, or egg-bearing, female, but it has been objected that it is easy to strip off the eggs and so evade the law. On the other hand, it is hard to imagine that an inspector of fisheries could fail to detect such stripping. A close season would seem to be impracticable, as the female lobster bears eggs

only in alternate years, and carries them for nearly a year—there is no clearly defined breeding season. The most promising method of increasing the stock seems to be by artificial rearing. The larval lobster spends some weeks swimming near the surface, and during this time it moults three times. At the third moult it changes its form and habits, becoming a "lobsterling" very much like the adult and, although it may continue to swim for a time, it tends to seek the bottom and hide itself. During the free-swimming period the mortality is so great that, even where lobsters abound, their larvæ are comparatively rarely found in the plankton. It has been estimated that 1 in 1000 survives to the bottom-living stage; but that is probably much too optimistic.

Island, the larvæ are kept in large wooden tanks floating in the sea, and they are kept always in motion by horizontal wooden propellers. It is of the utmost importance that they should not sink to the bottom nor be crowded together, for they are very apt to kill and eat each other. The food is chopped clam or egg. The success seems to have varied very much from year to year, but has sometimes been astonishing, reaching over 50 per cent. of the larvæ hatched living to the lobsterling stage. In 1932, 1,166,400 were reared and liberated. It is recognised that it is asking for trouble to place them in the sea in large numbers, since that would simply attract their enemies to a glorious feast. So methods have been devised by which the lobsterlings are lowered to the bottom in suitable spots in crates, from which they can escape as and when they please. The Wickford plant is

a big and an expensive affair, and it has been estimated that the lobsterlings liberated cost about 2 dollars per 1000; but it would seem well worth while, and can hardly fail to have a powerful effect on the local stock. Unfortunately, lobsters migrate very little, so that the benefit will not spread very far, and the normal fluctuations in the population are so large that it is difficult to prove the beneficial effects of a hatchery. So far as I know, nothing comparable to the Wickford hatchery exists in this country, though for many years larvæ have been hatched and liberated, mainly in Stage I., at the Biological Station at Port Erin.

There are many species of fresh-water lobster, or crayfish, in many parts of the world. There is one species in this country, but it is so small as to be of no great value for food. In France and Germany, however, there are other species of which one, the *Ecrevisse à pattes rouges*, or *Edelkrebs* (*Astacus fluviatilis*), is larger, and very much esteemed. It is recorded that in 1868 6,000,000 were consumed in Paris, but about 1870 a plague smote the crayfish in Europe which swept eastwards over Germany and reached Russia about 1891. The cause of the disease was a bacterium, and its effect was devastating, sometimes annihilating the whole population of a river in a week. It is said that the disease has now spent its force and crayfish are reappearing, but in many places

the place of the old species has been taken by an American species, *Cambarus affinis*, which is immune to the disease and has been introduced for that reason. It has spread widely, but is said to be very inferior in edible quality. It is difficult to find what happened to the crayfish in this country during the plague years, but a survey of the Oxfordshire rivers has been published (Duffield, J. Anim. Ecol. 1933). There does not seem to have been any wholesale annihilation, but rather a periodic mortality with a cycle of about fourteen years, the population being replaced by survivors in small side streams. In Norfolk it would seem that there was never anything like a complete blotting-out of the crayfish, for they could always be bought alive in Norwich in the '90's.



THE TWO LARGEST LOBSTERS EVER CAUGHT: AN EXHIBIT IN THE MUSEUM OF SCIENCE, BOSTON, U.S.A., OF SPECIMENS WEIGHING 42 LB. AND 38 LB. RESPECTIVELY WHICH WERE CAUGHT WITHIN A FEW MONTHS OF EACH OTHER.

The two lobsters depicted are the largest ever recorded and are now on exhibition in the Museum of Science at Boston, where they have been named *Mike* and *Ike*. These giants are almost 10 lb. heavier than the largest lobster known to be on exhibition in any other museum and are more than twenty times the weight of the average lobster eaten in restaurants. Both were caught in deep-sea trawls by the smack *Hustler* in about 100 fathoms of water off the Virginia Capes. The larger was taken in the autumn of 1934 and the other in the winter of 1934-35. There have been stories of lobsters weighing as much as 60 lb., but these figures, unfortunately, have never been confirmed.

Reproduced by permission of the Museum of Science, Boston, Mass.

It is comparatively easy to rear lobster larvæ in the laboratory singly, or in very small numbers, and successful experiments were made as far back as 1883 in this country; but to rear them on a commercial scale is a very formidable task which has been accomplished only in Norway and the United States. In some places the berried lobsters have been kept until the larvæ hatched, and these were then liberated, but it is doubtful if there is any advantage in doing this, since the chance of survival of the larvæ is not thereby increased. In fact, it is probably diminished, as larvæ hatched in captivity are not likely to be as vigorous as those hatched normally. In Norway and in Rhode Island experiments carried on over many years have largely overcome the difficulties in rearing to the lobsterling stage. At Wickford, in Rhode

THE QUINCENTENARY OF ROSSLYN CHAPEL: ITS FABRIC, AND THE COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE.



NOW CELEBRATING THE QUINCENTENARY OF ITS FOUNDATION: AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF ROSSLYN CHAPEL, MIDLOTHIAN, WHERE A COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE WAS HELD ON SEPTEMBER 21.



FAMOUS FOR THE PROFUSION OF ITS CARVINGS: A SECTION OF THE ROOF OF ROSSLYN CHAPEL WHICH COMPRISES A SERIES OF DESIGNS.



THE QUINCENTENARY SERVICE IN ROSSLYN CHAPEL ON SEPTEMBER 21: THE BISHOP OF EDINBURGH OFFICIATING AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE CHAPEL'S FOUNDATION.



SHOWING THE FAMOUS APPRENTICE'S PILLAR (RIGHT BACKGROUND) AND THE CANDELABRA—THE ONLY FORM OF LIGHTING: A VIEW OF THE ALTAR IN THE CHAPEL.

ROSSLYN CHAPEL, Midlothian, is simply the choir of what was intended to be a collegiate church founded circa 1450 by Sir William St. Clair. The structure was intended to be of a cruciform shape, but this plan was frustrated by the death of the founder in 1484. The portion of the Chapel which was built, and which is still in an excellent state of preservation, is in the highest style of florid Gothic. The profusion of carving portrays scenes from the Bible—the Fall of Man, the Expulsion from the Garden of Eden, the Birth of Christ, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection—and the Chapel is particularly noted for a beautifully carved pillar, the "Apprentice's Pillar." On September 21, the quinqucentenary of the Chapel's foundation was celebrated with a service at which the Bishop of Edinburgh officiated.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

SALVIA "AFRICAN SKIES."

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

IT was some seven or eight years ago that I first heard of Salvia "African Skies." My old friend, and one-time boss, A. C. Buller, wrote to me from South Africa saying

that he was sending me, by air mail, some roots of an outstandingly beautiful salvia from his garden. I had worked on Buller's fruit farm near Stellenbosch over forty years ago, and we had corresponded copiously and swapped plants ever since. All was very primitive when I was there. The fruit farm was in its earliest pioneering stages of development and the flower garden just did not exist. To-day Buller is one of the most successful fruit-growers and probably the most distinguished flower-gardener in the Cape. For many years he has specialised—among other things—in Hippeastrums, acquiring the finest varieties procurable from European sources and crossing, raising and selecting on a big scale. Several of his varieties have received the R.H.S. Award of Merit, in recent years. Then a year or two ago he made a truly generous offer, which H.M. the King was graciously pleased to accept—a gift of a collection of his finest varieties of Hippeastrum, the cream of his collection, for the Royal gardens at Windsor.

When, therefore, Buller wrote in glowing terms and with unrestrained enthusiasm about his new Salvia, "African Skies," and said that he was sending me roots by air as a gift, I sat up and took a whole lot of notice, for I knew well his standard, judgment and taste in plants. The first consignment arrived. Alas, every scrap of every plant was utterly and hopelessly dead. The package must, I think, have found an unfortunate position in the mail plane. After that, Buller went to immense trouble—and, I fear, a good deal of expense—in posting me further consignments of "African Skies," trying different methods of packing. Never was such persistence. We had failure after dismal failure, and I know few plants with such a capacity for not only being dead, but looking the part.

At long last, in 1946 I think it was, some plants arrived, looking very black and mushy, but from whose thong-like roots two or three growing shoots had pushed out in transit. They were frail, slender shoots, forced in the dark confinement and heat of the parcel to a deathly prison pallor. As a sort of forlorn hope I handed them over to my friend Frank Barker, who is a wizard propagator, and challenged him to strike them as cuttings. He succeeded. How, I cannot imagine. It was as much a miracle as if he had set out to strike the spokes of an old umbrella—and succeeded. In 1946, Salvia "African Skies," two or three sturdy young plants in pots, migrated with me from Stevenage to the Cotswolds. The plants survived the awful winter of 1946-47—which was a great relief to me. It proved itself a perfectly hardy herbaceous plant. Then in the early summer of 1947 came a letter from Buller saying that he was sending me a crate of roots of "African Skies," and had arranged for them to travel by steamer in cool storage. Then a notice came from Southampton saying that the crate had arrived, but that it could not be forwarded to me until a complicated array of formalities connected with Customs, import licence, the schedule

of prohibited plants, and so forth, had been complied with. I was desperate. My plants were apparently sitting on the quayside at Southampton, basking in a heat wave. Regardless of expense, I devoted the best part of an afternoon to trunk calls to London, questing from Ministry to Ministry, department to department, office to office, and official to official, all of them experts in passing the buck. Eventually I got in touch with a Voice which seemed to have some authority and which had evidently just finished its tea, and I suggested Voice should exercise its power and authority, disregard import licences, schedules

of prohibited plants, and the rest, and just send a telegram to Southampton ordaining that my crate of plants be forwarded to me immediately. It worked. The crate arrived next day, and the plants, several dozen grand clumps, were in perfect health. At this point I would like to thank Voice, whoever Voice was, for so gallantly slashing the Gordian knot of red tape and saving "African Skies."

The plant flowered that summer and proved all that Buller had described, all and better, for there are forms of beauty which cannot easily be put into words. It is a hardy herbaceous plant, growing 3 ft. tall or a trifle over, and flowering in September—rather late in September. The sheaf of erect wiry stems, clothed in narrow leaves, carry wide and elegant heads of typical salvia blossoms, each with a wide pendent lip. Buller has given the plant the best and most apt description by naming it "African Skies," for the colour is exactly the pale, clear, luminous sky-blue that I remember so well, forty years ago, at the Cape. "Sky-blue" is often used in describing the colour of flowers, but I know few other flowers than Buller's salvia that come anywhere near the colour of the sky at the Cape.

Having satisfied myself that the plant was reliably hardy, I took a few flowering sprays to the R.H.S. and put them before the Floral Committee, under A. C. Buller's name. It was given an Award of Merit, and only missed the First Class Certificate that was proposed for it, by a single vote—by misadventure.

Salvia "African Skies" is a variety of the species *Salvia azurea*. I have grown the type *azurea* side by side with "African Skies." They are very distinct, the type having flowers of a strong, deep sapphire blue, as compared with the pale, luminous blue of Buller's plant. I have met folk who remember *Salvia azurea* (type) being widely grown as a pot plant for house decoration, and very lovely such specimens must have been. "African Skies" might well be grown in the same way, though nothing could be lovelier than the stately sheaves of pale blue growing in the open border in late summer.

Having got "African Skies" safely introduced, established and proved as a reliable hardy herbaceous plant, I had to decide how best to launch it and get it distributed as it deserved, and as all good gardeners deserve. Having retired completely from the nursery world, I was no longer in a position to do the launching. Who best could do it?

Several names occurred to me, but past exhibits of Russell Lupins came to mind. If "African Skies" could be shown at that level, all would be well. I wrote to my friend, J. S. Baker, of Codsall. He came, he saw, and he was conquered. He had not the slightest doubt as to the beauty and charm of "African Skies" when he saw it flowering here, but it was not until he was dead certain of its hardiness and reliability that he came and took away my entire stock—all but three small clumps—to do his best with. That best will, I hope, be seen by the gardening world either just before or just after this article appears in print. It will be interesting, to me at any rate, when "African Skies" is first really exhibited at the R.H.S. to compare the display with that small, frail, white shoot from which Frank Barker induced Her Loveliness first to set roots in English soil.



A CLOSE-UP PORTRAIT OF THE INDIVIDUAL FLOWERS OF THE REMARKABLE NEW HARDY HERBACEOUS SALVIA "AFRICAN SKIES," WHICH IS DUE TO MAKE ITS ENGLISH GARDENING DÉBUT THIS AUTUMN. "The sheaf of erect, wiry stems," writes Mr. Elliott on this page, "clothed in narrow leaves, carry wide and elegant heads of typical salvia blossoms, each with a wide pendent lip. Buller has given the plant the best and most apt description by naming it 'African Skies,' for the colour is exactly the pale, clear, luminous sky-blue that I remember so well, forty years ago, at the Cape."

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THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT, NEW AIRCRAFT, AND AN EIGHTH ARMY MEMORIAL WINDOW.



QUEEN JULIANA DRIVING IN THE "GOLDEN COACH" ON HER WAY TO OPEN THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT: A VIEW OF THE PROCESSION TO THE HALL OF THE KNIGHTS, THE HAGUE. On September 19 Queen Juliana of the Netherlands opened the Dutch Parliament, and in her speech from the Throne in the Hall of the Knights warned the Dutch people that they would have to intensify their efforts to defend themselves, irrespective of foreign assistance.



THE FIRST FLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AVRO 707 DELTA-WING AIRCRAFT: AN EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT WHICH MADE ITS DÉBUT AT THE FARNBOROUGH AIR SHOW.

This remarkable aircraft, which is powered with a single Rolls-Royce *Derwent* jet, is believed by many to foreshadow the shape of aircraft of the future. Its configuration is thought to be the one best calculated to allow controlled flight at and beyond the speed of sound.



THE FIRST HIGH-ALTITUDE FLIGHT VIEW OF THE NEW U.S. CONVAIR B-36D, WITH FOUR JET ENGINES ON THE WING-TIPS AUGMENTING SIX PUSHER PISTON ENGINES.

The U.S. *Convair* B-36D is claimed as the world's biggest warplane and in this version, with four jet engines to augment its six piston engines, it is credited with a speed of 435 miles per hour or more at 45,000 ft. All B-36 bombers are being so augmented.



"TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN UNDYING MEMORY OF THE 8TH ARMY, 1941-45": THE MEMORIAL WINDOW WHICH IS TO BE ERECTED SHORTLY IN CAIRO CATHEDRAL.

This fine stained-glass window, made from a design prepared by Mr. Carl Edwards, is at present on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, in order that members, families and friends of the Eighth Army may see it before its installation in Cairo Cathedral.

AN ESCAPE STORY OF WORLD WAR II.

*"I Walked Alone: An Escape Through France in 1940"; By The EARL of CARDIGAN.**

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The illustrations on this page are not reproduced from the book.

DURING and after the Kaiser's War, a great number of "escape books" were written: I myself had a whole library of them until the Germans got busy again. Some of them—the most famous, perhaps, were "The Road to Endor" and "The Tunnellers of Holzminden"—recorded co-operative enterprises; there were many in which individuals told strange tales of travelling hundreds of miles across Germany towards the western frontiers; some men (furnished with clothes, money and a smattering of German) impudently using trains, others, equipped with nothing but determination, hiding in wet ditches by day, travelling across country at night, eating raw turnips and potatoes grubbed from the ground under the stars, and ultimately swimming great rivers to safety. Hitler's war, so far, has not produced so many, though "The Wooden Horse" and Brigadier Hargest's about the burrowings under the Italian castle (described again in General Carton de Wiart's "Happy Odyssey") have been memorable. Here, however, is one of the old solitary kind, describing a long, improbable pilgrimage by a single soldier.

Lord Cardigan was a Territorial Reserve officer who returned to the Active List in the spring of 1939 when Hitler marched into Prague. As to the circumstances in which he was captured he says little. "The course of action which caused me [he was in the R.A.S.C.] to fall into German hands was not of my own choosing. I obeyed an order against which my instinct rebelled at the time, but which was given in good faith by an officer seeking to deal with what looked like an irretrievable débâcle. I considered, but rejected, the idea of defying his authority. Instead (I think it was on May 29th, 1940) I made my way to the duckpond of a Flemish farm and threw my revolver far into the centre of it. It disappeared with a heavy splash into the green depths: if I might not use it, at least no German should." At any rate, the enemy got him, and it may be deduced from the little that he says that (no new thing in the history of his family) "someone had blundered."

When his narrative—based on a diary, and partly in diary form—opens, he is already in a German prison-camp at Boulogne. From the start it looks as though, perhaps subconsciously, he was keeping himself as trim as he could because fitness might come in useful later. The diet consisted of acorn-coffee and a "few iron-hard slabs of black bread and twice-daily bowls of vegetable stew." But: "This summer weather solves the problem of warmth; and, as for energy, I am not using any. There is no point in being energetic and every reason for remaining comatose. I never stand now when I can sit, and seldom sit when I can lie down; in fact, I am rapidly bringing economy of energy to a fine art." He thought out schemes of escape, and the best direction in which to make, naturally starting off with a break-out from a camp. But when he did escape it was suddenly and in an unexpected manner. He merely dropped off the back of a lorry in broad daylight.

Near Tournai, on the way to Germany, the lorry, containing a load of British prisoners, "slowed down at a cross-roads where, by a happy chance, the only individuals in sight were Belgians. The driver, coming almost to a standstill, called out to one of these, presumably to ask the way. This, for me, was the crucial moment. With more agility than I knew myself to possess, I slipped over the tail-board of the lorry and took up a position in the roadway just behind it, invisible both to the driver and to the other German in the cab. For a period of, I suppose, a few seconds only, the debate as to the route continued (to me it seemed endless, for there was endless danger of other troops coming into view). Then the lorry moved on, leaving me standing alone." His friends on board gazed at him open-mouthed. "Raising my hand in a quick, farewell salute, I dodged off the road, scouting for some sort of cover. . . . I was in khaki—and I felt as conspicuous as if I were dressed in a bathing-suit in Piccadilly Circus." Cover he saw, of a kind: a patch of greenery; in a second he was prone in it; it was composed of stinging-nettles. There he lay for six hours.

There was plenty to think about. Any sprightly man may drop off the back of a slowly-moving lorry; any lucky man may do so unobserved; but it is quite another matter to know, in the circumstances, what to do, or where to go next, if you are in British officer's uniform in a bed of Belgian nettles, determined, if possible, to rejoin your unit, but with Occupied France (swarming with troops), Vichy France (swarming with spies and weaklings), the guarded Pyrenees and all Spain between you and your objective. All these obstacles were overcome by Lord Cardigan: he reached Gibraltar, had his heart warmed there by finding the Navy not merely "holding the seas against all comers," but playing cricket; he returned to England in November, 1940, landing at 11 o'clock on a bleak

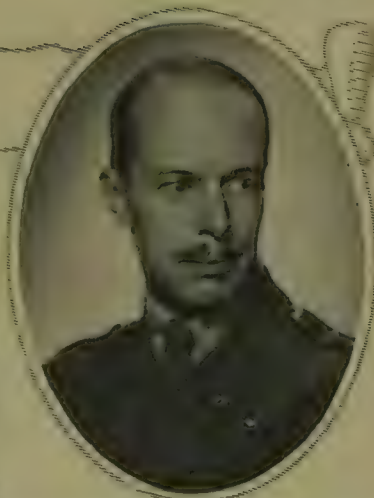


IN ST. SALVATOR'S CHAPEL, ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY: THE ELABORATE TOMB OF BISHOP KENNEDY, THE FOUNDER. ACCORDING TO AN OLD CHRONICLE THE BISHOP DID NOT KNOW WHETHER HIS BARGE, HIS COLLEGE OR HIS TOMB COST THE MOST MONEY, "FOR HONEST MEN RECKONED THAT THE LEAST OF THEM COST £10,000 STERLING." THE BISHOP DIED IN 1466.



THE PULPIT FROM WHICH, ACCORDING TO LEGEND, JOHN KNOX PREACHED: AN ANCIENT OAKEN PULPIT IN THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF ST. SALVATOR. ST. SALVATOR'S IS NOW CELEBRATING ITS 500TH ANNIVERSARY.

Her Majesty the Queen recently visited St. Andrews in connection with the 500th anniversary of St. Salvator's College, St. Andrews University. During her visit she attended a service in the ancient College Chapel of St. Salvator's. The Chapel was founded in 1450 by Bishop Kennedy, whose tomb can be seen above. To mark the occasion of the 500th anniversary, the Queen unveiled a stained-glass memorial window in the Chapel.



THE EARL OF CARDIGAN, AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

The Earl of Cardigan, who tells the story of his escape from the Germans during World War II. in the book which is reviewed on this page, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. His other books include "Youth Goes East" (1928) and "Amateur Pilot" (1933). After his 1940 adventures he served in England with the R.A.S.C., but he went abroad again as a Military Government officer in 1944.

morning, "unable, because it was the Sabbath and because England is England, to buy a drink with which to combat our unfriendly climate." But he was home, free and serving again, at a time of defiant resistance by a people which, as he says, has kept the spirit of Drake alive. Even at Gibraltar his luck still held: he was in a house with three other escaped officers; those other three were killed by a Vichy bomb. But this is not mainly a story of luck, but one of unfailing, quenchless resolution, sensible calculation, ingenious contrivance, and, occasionally, great impudence, in the face of daily difficulties and continual dilemmas.

A slice of luck certainly came his way after six hours uneasy recumbence in his nettle-bed. There were foot-steps passing and repassing. "At one stage my wretched imagination became too active, and an attack of panic had to be fought down." Then: "Someone was pushing his way through the nettles, heading straight towards me. I braced myself, calm now, to see the barrel of a rifle thrust into my face; but it was only a Belgian civilian who appeared." That brave man—and frequently during his journey, people fed, clothed and hid him at the risk of their lives—had seen him jump off, had waited, and brought him chocolate and beer. At sundown the Belgian came again, to persuade him that he simply must get out of khaki, as the Germans were killing at sight escaped prisoners in uniform. "Once again I was left in my nettle-bed; but shortly afterwards this good friend reappeared bearing a bundle of old clothing. The trousers were black with a striped pattern, but were unfortunately some inches too short; also they had a number of holes and rents in the most embarrassing places. The jacket likewise was black and had evidently once been a good quality garment; but it had now reached an advanced stage of shabbiness, besides being a good deal too small. However, I soon had my uniform off and these civilian garments on (more acrobatics!).

At a later stage I was given a pair of black shoes—my excellent Army boots being too conspicuous—and a beret, so that the general effect was rather that of a disreputable Belgian waiter on one of his days off." At dusk the Belgian took him to his house and insisted on his shaving, on the grounds that modern Belgians were mostly clean-shaven; a bed was provided (that risked the owner's life) and in the morning he was given coffee, and his tins of bully-beef, which might have betrayed his nationality, were exchanged for some eggs and bread. Thereafter, until he crossed the Vichy frontier, hard-boiled eggs (when he could get anything) were usually his fare—free, or, after somebody had insisted on giving him money, paid for—and his education in disguise proceeded. One man spotted his khaki socks; another shrewdly told him that any good sleuth could tell him for an Englishman, because of the casual, interested way he walked down a street, looking to right and left. In the end (his accent in French passed as a Belgian patois, and he assumed, to assist himself, a slight stammer) he had converted himself into such a complete imitation of a Belgian vagrant that, at a critical moment, he was assisted by Germans. It was near Troyes. A German Intelligence car drew up by him and he thought that his days, at least of freedom, were numbered. A major got out, walked up to him, and said: "You look tired. I wonder if you would like a lift in my car. I am going to Troyes." In he got, feeling rather like disclosing himself as a sham, and managing to decline the major's offer to send him on to the imaginary farm of his relatives!

I have given the setting only: the story of this pilgrimage through Lyons, Marseilles, the Pyrenees and a grim Spanish prison, is crowded with exciting and amusing incidents and episodes: the two qualities are sometimes both in evidence, as when, German soldiers entering a farm where he was sitting, he managed to pass himself off as a buyer of beetroot crops.

The story is told easily, naturally, without affectation and with no effort to emphasise the many dramatic moments; the qualities of the escaper are reflected in the prose. But there ought to have been a map giving the route of escape, and I think readers would be interested in a couple of photographs, one of Lord Cardigan as he normally and correctly appears, and one with a stubble beard, in a reconstruction of the garb in which he reached the Vichy frontier.

* "I Walked Alone: An Escape through France in 1940." By the Earl of Cardigan. (Routledge; 12s. 6d.)

FROM CEMETERIES TO FAIRGROUNDS: TOPICAL OCCASIONS IN FOUR COUNTRIES.



A NEW "STREET-PREACHER" FOR LAMBETH: THE SCENE AT THE UNVEILING CEREMONY OF A SCULPTURE WHICH STANDS OUTSIDE THE LAMBETH MISSION. The chairman of the E.C.C., Mr. J. W. Bowen (with microphone), recently unveiled outside the Lambeth Mission a piece of sculpture, 11½ ft. high and weighing six tons. It is the work of Mr. Bainbridge-Copnall and is carved from stone found in the debris of the former Mission after its destruction by bombing.



A VENUS DE MILO FOR TOKYO—IN SOAP: A NOVEL EXHIBIT WHICH ATTRACTED A GREAT DEAL OF ATTENTION DURING A SOAP CONTEST HELD IN TOKYO. Standing some 7 ft. high and made out of 1000 lb. of soap, or, in other words, enough for 6000 ordinary soap tablets, this statue of the Venus de Milo, a recognisably accurate copy of the original, is part of a soap contest held by a Tokyo department store.



RESTORED AFTER BEING DAMAGED IN THE LAST WEEKS OF THE WAR: THE TOMB OF THE COMPOSER MOZART IN THE CENTRAL CEMETERY OF VIENNA. During the last few weeks of the war the tomb of the famous composer Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, which stands in the Central Cemetery of Vienna together with those of Beethoven, Gluck, Schubert and Johann Strauss, was damaged. It has been restored again by order of the Vienna City Council and is now as we show it.



A NEW FAIRGROUND THRILL FOR GERMAN YOUTH; LOOPING THE LOOP IN THE FLYING CARS DEMONSTRATED AT THE 140TH MUNICH OCTOBER FESTIVAL. The cars shown in this cylinder, which is some 25 ft. in diameter, are stated to go round at speeds up to 40 m.p.h. The occupants are held in by centrifugal force, much like the shrimps twirled round in a small boy's bucket. The small boys thus have an opportunity of learning how the shrimps feel about it.

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: THE CAMERA AS RECORDER.



AN UNUSUAL STREET SCENE THAT EXCITED MUCH INTEREST: A HUGE NORTH BRITISH RAILWAYS LOCOMOTIVE IN GEORGE SQUARE, GLASGOW.

As part of the Colonial Week ceremonies a huge North British Railways locomotive that is being sent to India was on view in Glasgow's famous George Square. It bears the letters "I.G.R.", for Indian Government Railways. Many people, including numerous schoolboys, went to George Square to see it.



TAKEN OVER BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT ON A 999-YEAR LEASE FROM THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER: THE WEST SIDE OF GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON.

The United States Government have paid a considerable sum to the Duke of Westminster for a 999-year lease on the whole of the west side of Grosvenor Square. Work on the building of a new United States Embassy is unlikely to start for at least eighteen months.



NOW MARKED BY A PLAQUE: THE HOUSE AT 33, SYNGE STREET, DUBLIN, IN WHICH GEORGE BERNARD SHAW WAS BORN IN 1856.

A plaque has been recently affixed to the front of the house in Dublin, 33, Synge Street, in which George Bernard Shaw was born. The plaque reads: "Bernard Shaw Author of many plays was born in this house 26 July 1856."



NEARING COMPLETION: THE "PEACE BRIDGE," THE LAST OF FRANKFURT'S FIVE BRIDGES ACROSS THE RIVER MAIN. SWIMMING CRANES ARE LIFTING THE STEEL BASE.

The last of Frankfurt's five bridges across the River Main, which were destroyed during the war, is now under construction, and should be completed next spring. This bridge will change its name from "Wilhelm Bruecke"—after the last German Emperor—to "Friedens Bruecke"—Peace Bridge.



AN UNEXPLODED 1000-LB. GERMAN BOMB: MEMBERS OF A BOMB-DISPOSAL SQUAD BRINGING IT TO LIGHT AT RICHMOND, SURREY.

More than fifty houses were evacuated at Richmond, following the discovery of an unexploded 1000-lb. German bomb. It had been lying under the back kitchen of No. 9, Eton Street, since September 1940. It took 2½ hours for the bomb to be rendered harmless.



BEING PREPARED FOR FURTHER SERVICE IN THE FAR EAST: THE FAMOUS FRIGATE H.M.S. AMETHYST, SEEN LYING IN DRY DOCK AT MALTA, WHERE SHE IS BEING REFITTED.

Over a year ago, on July 30, 1949, H.M.S. *Amethyst*, a 1430-ton frigate, was the centre of world attention, as she slipped down the Yangtze under the Communist Chinese guns and in a daring exploit regained the open sea. She is now being refitted at Malta for further service in Far Eastern waters.

THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY—1950: DRAMATIC SPANISH STUDIES.



"PENITENTES EN RONCESVALLES"; BY J. ORTIZ ECHAGÜE.



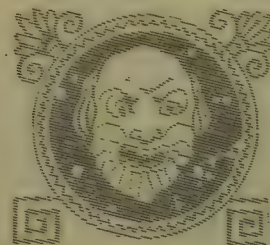
"MORELLA"; BY J. ORTIZ ECHAGÜE.

The forty-first annual exhibition of the London Salon of Photography opened at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 26, Conduit Street, New Bond Street, London, on September 16, and will continue until October 14. No fewer than 4000 entries were received from pictorial photographers of twenty-five nations, and from these 452 were selected for exhibition. Fifty per cent. of

the photographs on view are the work of photographers living in the British Isles. After the exhibition closes about 100 of the exhibits will be chosen for display during a tour of the provincial galleries. The work of J. Ortiz Echagüe has been illustrated in *The Illustrated London News* in previous years, and here we give two examples of his work from the current exhibition.



The World of the Cinema.



A BRACE OF INCOMPARABLES.

By ALAN DENT.

THERE comes a delectable fortnight each year when one may choose between strawberries and cream and raspberries and cream. The difference between a glutton and a gourmet is that the former has both berries on the same plate on the same day, whereas the latter savours each on alternating days. Comparison is avoided by the more tasteful consumer as being not only odious but unnecessary.



"SANE IN ALL HE DOES AND YET INSANE IN HIS AIM AND PURPORT": PROFESSOR WILLINGDON (BARRY JONES) REALISES THAT THE NET IS CLOSING ROUND HIM AS HE SEES HIS NAME AND FACE ON A "WANTED" POSTER. A SCENE FROM "SEVEN DAYS TO NOON" (A BOULTING BROTHERS PRODUCTION).

One of the two "first-class" films reviewed by Mr. Alan Dent on this page is "Seven Days to Noon," a brilliant and exciting film with London as its background. Mr. Dent says that "perhaps the two most brilliant things about this film" are the way in which the direction makes the man-hunt utterly convincing, and the manner in which Barry Jones makes the Professor utterly credible.

Comparison should similarly be avoided by the film critic who has the unusual experience of being confronted with two first-class films within the same week—"The Heiress" (directed by William Wyler) and "Seven Days to Noon" (directed by John and Roy Boulting). One's only real problem is to keep them apart and decide in which order to cope with each quite distinctly. So having named them in one order, I shall deal with them in the other. (They are as utterly separate and dissimilar as New York and London—or Corot and Constable—or Verdi and Wagner—or Proust and Dickens—or pears and pineapple—or chalk and cheese.)

The Boultings' film has the primary attribute—one very, very nearly wrote "advantage," and remembered in the nick of time!—of a brilliant, and original, and yet quite simple idea. This idea came from Paul Dehn and James Bernard putting their heads together and producing something as startling as the first successful encounter between flint and tinder. They have thought up and given us a Professor in atomic physics who suddenly writes to the Prime Minister of England one Monday morning and says that unless he, the P.M., will publicly announce that England has decided to forswear the use of atomic bombs in warfare before the following Sunday at noon, he, the Professor, will detonate an atomic bomb in his possession and blow up twelve square miles of the heart of London, "extending roughly between Rotherhithe and Notting Hill Gate." The Professor (Barry Jones) has meanwhile vanished into thin air, or, rather, into thin Kennington. He is known to be inseparable from a gladstone-bag containing the bomb.

Perhaps the two most brilliant things about this film are (1) the way in which the direction continuously convinces us that so obvious a fugitive would not necessarily be caught within a week, despite a London-wide hunt; and (2) the manner in which Barry Jones makes the Professor utterly credible—a man weighed down with conscience, care and responsibility, so that he is sane in all he does and yet insane in his aim and purport. To divulge that the Professor is finally run to earth on his knees before the altar of a Westminster church at ten minutes to twelve on the Sunday morning is not necessarily to divulge the breath-taking end of this film. The reader must see it all for himself if he wants to know whether the absolute

conclusion is holocaust or an all-clear signal. But the breath of the filmgoer has been taken several times before this conclusion—seven times, in short, since the name of each day of the week is boldly printed on the London scene as it comes round, and thus sets up tension by an elementary device which

David Wark Griffith invented, and which can never fail in a plot of what you might call the Time Fuse sort.

One of the originators of this rattling good idea for a film, Mr. Bernard, is unknown to me. But the other, Mr. Dehn, is a colleague and surely the least blasé member of that saturnine sodality, the critics of the film. When I sit near Mr. Dehn at the cinema I have often to gaze at him with envy because of his obvious and infinite

to be rather more sentimental about nasturtiums than about cats and rabbits.

It just hovers on the verge of possibility that in high summer one can have too many raspberries, especially if one has been over-partial to strawberries. It is, similarly, faintly possible that I myself, having seen three different stage-productions of "The Heiress"—or at least the same production with three different pairs of principals—cannot be expected to be moved as much by the film version. Yet it is a masterly film-version of that play which was wrought out of Henry James's novel "Washington Square." Everybody now knows that this is a study of a rich but graceless girl who, disliked by her doctor-father because she could not approach to the pattern of her dead mother, fell in love, and who was jilted by the handsome fortune-hunter, to whom she gave her sad heart, when he learned that the fortune was insecure.

The story continues overwhelmingly effective and subtly well-observed even though it seems to suit the stage medium rather better than the cinema's. A considerable part of its continued success is due to the fact that Sir Ralph Richardson is yet again the unjust father, as he was in the first stage-production in London. Sir Ralph continues to play with the greatest finesse and suavity and contrives, as always, to let us see the justice behind the character's seeming injustice, the embers of tenderness beneath the cold frontage. The new Catherine is Olivia de Havilland, an exquisite little film-actress who makes the mistake of letting Catherine's clumsiness be endearing instead of irritating. She is also too starry-eyed and attractive from the very beginning to keep the story completely plausible. It is not going far enough in the way of plainness merely to braid the character's tresses as though she were Jane Eyre or some similar "shy, fiery-eyed little school-marm." Montgomery Clift, as the fortune-hunter, won quite a deal of derisive laughter from the big, excited and on the whole enthralled Sunday-night audience who saw "The Heiress" when I did. This was the English audience's way of informing this young actor that he was miscast.



"A STUDY OF A RICH BUT GRACELESS GIRL WHO WAS DISLIKED BY HER DOCTOR-FATHER": "THE HEIRESS" (PARAMOUNT), SHOWING DR. SLOPER (RALPH RICHARDSON) AND HIS DAUGHTER CATHERINE (OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND) IN A SCENE FROM THE FILM VERSION OF THE PLAY.

"The Heiress," based on Henry James's novel, "Washington Square," has just ended its long London run as a play, and now we have a film version. Mr. Dent says "the story continues overwhelmingly effective and subtly well observed even though it seems to suit the stage medium rather better than the cinema's." He adds that it owes a considerable part of its continued success to the fact that Sir Ralph Richardson again takes the part of the unjust father.

There was not a pin to choose between Miriam Hopkins as the film's Aunt Lavinia and Gillian Lind as the play's. But between Miss de Havilland and the original Miss Ashcroft I should say that there were one or two pins to choose and a whole little pot-full of pathos.

TO INCREASE THE PRODUCTION OF ALUMINIUM: THE ROGERSTONE MILL.



IN THE NEW MILL: BREAKING DOWN AN INGOT OF ALUMINIUM ON A REVERSING MILL.



A STRIP OF ALUMINIUM PASSING THROUGH THE HOT FINISHING MILL TO THE RUN-OUT TABLES.



MEASURING 120 FT. IN LENGTH: AN INGOT COMING FROM THE INTERMEDIATE MILL.

On September 21 Mr. Strauss, Minister of Supply, inaugurated the working of a rolling mill, claimed to be the most efficient continuous-type mill engaged in rolling aluminium outside the U.S.A., at Rogerstone, Monmouthshire. The mill has been



COILS AT THE COLD MILL, WHERE THE OUTER TURNS ARE OPENED AND FLATTENED.

erected at a cost of £3,500,000 by the Northern Aluminium Company, and has a capacity of 50,000 tons of sheet and strip aluminium a year. Our photographs show stages in the processing of the material.

MAGNIFICENT CANALETTO'S OF VENICE FROM THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S COLLECTION.



"THE BUCINTORO (VENETIAN STATE BARGE) AT THE PIAZZETTA."



"THE MOLO SEEN FROM THE BACINO DI SAN MARCO."



"THE PIAZZA DI SAN MARCO, FACING THE CHURCH OF SAN GEMINIANO."



"THE PIAZZETTA FROM THE MOLO."



"THE CANAREGGIO FROM THE GRAND CANAL."



"THE CHURCH OF THE REDENTORE FROM THE CANAL OF THE GIUDECCA."



"THE CAMPO AND THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA FORMOSA."



"THE SCUOLA DI SAN ROCCO."

Due to open to-day (September 30) at the Royal Academy is an exhibition of one of the finest and least-known of private collections of pictures in this country. This is the Woburn Abbey collection, nearly 100 pictures of which have been lent by the Duke of Bedford. It was begun in the sixteenth century and has never since suffered serious depletion. One of the features of the collection is a group of twenty companion views of Venice by Antonio Canaletto (1697-1768). All of these are of the same size (18½ by 31½ ins.), and it is believed that they were commissioned from

the artist himself. They are recorded in the 1771 Inventory of Bedford House and were later transferred to Woburn Abbey. All of those shown on this page, with the exception of the Bucintoro (top, left) are from this group and are closely related to drawings in the Windsor Castle Collection. "The Bucintoro at the Piazzetta" is a much bigger picture (47 by 74 ins.) and is similar to one in the National Gallery. The Bucintoro was the State barge used in the annual "Marriage of the Adriatic," when the Doge cast a gold ring into the sea, in one of Venice's most splendid festivals.

THE WOBURN ABBEY PICTURES: RARELY-SEEN MASTERPIECES, NOW AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



"THE VALKHOF AT NIJMEGEN FROM ACROSS THE RIVER WAAL" BY AELBERT CUYP (1620-1691). CANVAS; 43 BY 66½ INS; SIGNED.



"TWELFTH NIGHT FEAST ('LE ROI BOIT')"; BY JAN STEEN (1626-1679). WOOD; 23½ BY 23 INS.



"ELIZABETH BRUGES (BRYDGES), LATER LADY KENNEDY (1575-1615)"; BY JEROME CUSTODIS (FL. 1589). CANVAS, TRANSFERRED TO PANEL; 36½ BY 27½ INS. SIGNED.



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUTH"; ASCRIBED TO AELBERT CUYP (1620-1691). WOOD; 36 BY 27 INS.



"QUEEN JANE SEYMOUR (1509?-1537)"; BY HANS HOLBEIN (1497-1543). WOOD; 40½ BY 31½ INS.



"SHIPPING IN A CALM, NEAR A WOODEN JETTY"; BY JOHANNES VAN DE CAPPELLE (1624/5-1679). CANVAS; 31½ BY 34 INS.



"BATHSHEBA SPIED ON BY KING DAVID"; BY NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665). CANVAS; 40½ BY 60½ INS.

For the purpose of the exhibition at the Royal Academy which opens to-day (September 30), the collection of fifty-four pictures which the Duke of Bedford has lent to the Arts Council has been augmented by over forty other pictures and a group of silversmiths' work of the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries from the same Woburn Abbey collection. On the facing page we show some of the Canalettos

exhibited and above a few of the highlights of the collection. The Holbein and the Custodis (of whom little is known) have perhaps been longest in the collection, which until the eighteenth century was largely in the nature of a portrait gallery. It was the fourth Duke who began collecting Old Masters in the 1740's, and since then the collection has continued to develop to its present remarkable proportions.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

A POET'S novel, I remember saying not long ago, has usually a special fragrance and "wild civility," a look of Florizel among the clowns. But then it must be in the form of a common story. "The Dead Seagull," by George Barker (John Lehmann; 7s. 6d.), has not this delicate, unstudied air. It flaunts the garb of royalty; it is, in short, a kind of prose poem—the jacket says, a tragedy "told more as it might be poured out in the confessional of the Roman Church than in the more traditional modes of the English novel." With so much manner and so little narrative that one can give the best idea of it by quotation. The young narrator and his wife were born and brought up as Catholics, and she is still devout. "Her face," he writes at one moment, "had taken on a pallor not entirely tendered by the evening sky. I saw shadows standing upon it like the seventy-two effigies of the saints on the front of Salisbury Cathedral. . . . And among those private shadows, like those rose windows in which the great martyrdoms everlastingly enact themselves, her eyes were bright with adumbrated sacrifices." (Though I can only guess, I can't help wondering if this is quite the mode of the confessional.) Theresa starts her honeymoon in floods of repentant prayer, because their child was conceived too soon. He has relapsed, and fails to understand her; yet one asks why, considering his "positively albigensian attitude to the viciousness of human reproduction." "All the while we live like two people who share an unmentionable secret, each suspecting the other of an incapacity to bear it much longer. . . . I think she sees her virginity with its face turned away weeping in every corner." This he approves, but with her later natural transition to Madonna-calm there comes estrangement. "It is not . . . that I am puzzled and frightened and resentful of our love being turned, by a germ in our genetics, to the irreparable personification of original sin. Her fulfilment in the child seems likely to be so perfect that everything else will be forgotten—it is for this simple reason that I cannot help suspecting that the woman exists in a lower category of spiritual consciousness." He, the male, is not thus "fobbed off from the omnipresence of evil," and he begins to vent his higher consciousness by getting drunk every night, making himself sick and hoping the child will die.

On this holy family, the temptress swoops out of a cloud—all pink and gold, and with "a face in which fruits and cherubs sought to conceal the orgies of egoism taking place in a cave behind them." When first the hero's book came her way, she swore to grab him; now she can set about it, since Theresa is an old friend. With rapturous disgust, he views her as a pig-Circé, or tigress ravening for moral blood. She lures him after her and gives him three weeks of perfect sin, of unmade beds and dirty dishes in the sink and timeless, unrestrained wallowing. Glutted, he sneaks home for a change, and for the last scene of death and birth—*fortissimo*, with tempests howling, and Marsden-Venus walking in out of the storm.

It would be absurd to judge this violent, neo-Gothic romanticism as though it were a slice of life, or one might jib at the tigress-theory. But one can't argue with a lyric outburst. This one is flamboyant, as you see, intense and brilliant—though rather laughable, like most neo-Gothic art.

We don't at once descend to mere humdrum realism, for in "The Company of Men," by Romain Gary (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), there is both fantasy and parable. Luc's father has been killed with the Resistance on the last day of war, so Luc, at fourteen, is "adopted by the nation." At least in theory; in fact, he isn't going to stand it. And one can't blame him, the reception-centre is excuse enough. He meets another orphan called Léonce and slips away underground, to join the "little rats" and work for old father Vanderputte. At their age it is best to have a father, so Léonce has Vanderputte—such an ugly, squalid and disgraceful old rat that Luc feels drawn to him, as to a fellow-victim of obscure injustice. Life is not hard for the two boys; they peddle drugs or contraceptives or whatever else, and get on swimmingly. Yet all the while they are profoundly wretched, with a deep though vague sense of wrong. Luc often wonders what his father died for. Not France—the only good place is America, so that would be idiotic. Once he said something about "all the other men." But where are they? In Luc's experience, the world is full of old clothes.

Then he begins to panic—and to watch old Vanderputte for the secret of not growing like him. And there indeed it is. But it involves him in a cruel paradox.

The plot is neither wholly credible nor quite fantastic, and the tone is unsure—varying from disillusioned farce to gushes of naïve sentiment or Dostoevskian compassion. But it is always lively and humane, and some scenes are brilliant.

"The Peaceable Kingdom," by Ardyth Kennelly (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is about Mormon domesticity. Not in its great age, when wives and children were an economic asset. Brigham is dead, and "plural marriage" in decline—not just succumbing to the law, but losing caste. As Linnea says: "I've thought more times than one that, Prophet or no Prophet, Joseph Smith had little to do to start such a hubbub as all this polygamy has been ever since it began." And she is "in polygamy," and ought to know.

The writer also knows, at one remove; this is her home ground. What she has drawn from it is less a novel than a bookful of anecdotes, loosely connected by the heroine and by the overflowing, familiar style. They tend to illustrate polygamy, its quirks and heartbreaks, but they don't always; any domestic scene or *fait divers* will do. The book is perhaps too long, too warm and voluble; but it is great fun, a mine of lively and convincing detail on a queer experiment, and cosy to boot.

"Double, Double," by Ellery Queen (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is undeniably a sad affair. Poor Ellery—but if he doesn't soon retire in good earnest, his reputation will be mud.

This time he is called to Wrightsville by little Rima, a dryad of a girl whose father was the Town Drunk. Now he has disappeared, and she suspects foul play. Ellery is all agog; there have been other happenings in Wrightsville, and some unknown has been supplying him with the Press cuttings. And he becomes infallible in pointing out the next victim. This in itself would be a tiresome feat—but worse remains. Nor is the fiction satisfactory. But it is so readable—perhaps he ought not to retire after all.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

KING CHARLES FOR THE RIGHT, SIR.

DR. ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD has already produced two remarkable volumes on Charles I.—"Charles King of England" and "King Charles and King Pym." A third volume now appears—"King Charles the Martyr" (Hollis and Carter; 18s.)—and carries the story of one of the most upright and most maligned men ever to sit upon a throne, to its tragic conclusion. This volume deals with the period in 1643 when the King's military power was finally on the wane—Marston Moor and Naseby merely underlined that fact—and continues through the confused negotiations with Scots and Parliamentarians to Charles' trial and execution. Dr. Wingfield-Stratford makes no secret of where his sympathies lie, whether it is his detestation of Cromwell's deliberate introduction of the atrocity into English warfare, or his scorn of the "High Court" of judicial murderers set up to try the King (and round whom, the King, with his impeccable courtesy and his insistence on the rights of himself and his people, made tactical and propagandist rings). On the other hand, he is fair to Cromwell, who, he believes, would have made a deal with the King right up to the night before his execution. In "the great debate" which divided our ancestors and brought out nobility and disinterested self-sacrifice of the highest order (as well as cruelty, hypocrisy and cant) on both sides, the King and Cromwell were worthy protagonists. Cromwell, a pragmatic Englishman, could not understand Charles's high sense of dedication which made compromise impossible, just as Charles would never have understood the unctuous callings on the Lord which accompanied the atrocities at Basing House or after the defeat of Newcastle. Whether the masked figure looking on the dead King and murmuring "Cruel necessity" was in fact Cromwell or not scarcely matters. Even if not true it is "*ben trovato*." For, as Dr. Wingfield-Stratford rightly says: "His [Cromwell's] hand had been forced. By that one blow of the axe all the achievements of Marston and Naseby and Preston had been shattered. He had killed Charles the King only to find himself, as now, in the presence of King Charles the Martyr—of a power stronger than his own, and against which he had no weapons to fight. He could only go on winning barren victories and building up a power of which the foundations were already undermined." Whether as history or an incisive contribution to the literature of one of the most austere romantic figures in English history, this book should certainly be read.

I doubt if the late Mrs. Catherine Carswell, the author of "Lying Awake" (Secker and Warburg; 15s.), would have had much sympathy with Charles I. She—a great friend of D. H. Lawrence, and one who contributed to the posthumous quarrels which surrounded that figure—belonged to a world where very few proper values obtained. That is to say, she was the sort of person, God bless her, who really took the *New Statesman* seriously. Nevertheless, this collection of papers, which Mrs. Carswell had herself intended to be made into a book, and which has been pieced together by her son, Mr. John Carswell, is curiously impressive and attractive. For all her feeling for those things which have been a trifle unkindly described as being "all my eye and Kingsley Martin," she nevertheless had an instinct for the emotions of childhood and old age. Indeed, many of us who are in that interim period which Mrs. Carswell omitted from her book, will take comfort from her description of that time. "Second childhood," she says, "is no slighting term when it is applied to the unique experience by which we savour afresh but with profound consciousness the primal joys. To find beneath our worn exterior these astonishing springs purged from all utilitarian uses; to be excused from moral lessons; to escape tiresome demands; to dodge boredom; delicately to eschew competition and hurry; to jettison inessential cargo from our tested timbers for the last strange voyage, there is a new kind of happiness here. Behind, the known lights of the bay still shine. Before, we have a sure haven."

Naturally, as Mrs. Carswell did not finish the book, and Mr. Carswell, who was serving abroad throughout the war, had no possibility of ascertaining her wishes, the book is a bit scrappy. Nevertheless, it will provide an insight into an attractive character and by inference into a literary and artistic clique which our grandchildren (if they survive atomisation) may regard with interest, appreciation and pity. A picture—and a very lovely one of a very different age—is contained in "The Chantries of William Canynges in St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol," by Edith E. Williams (Georges; 43 13s. 6d.). St. Mary Redcliffe is, without doubt, one of the loveliest of all churches in England. Indeed, one cannot improve on Queen Elizabeth's reputed description of the church as "the fairest, goodliest and most famous parish church in England." The greatest benefactor of this church was William Canynges, providing in full measure that combination of public service and artistic appreciation with sound business sense (and therefore worldly goods to back it) which has distinguished the pious foundations of our great English cities. Miss Williams, now an archivist of St. Mary Redcliffe, has performed a labour of love, and one which any medievalist or lover of Gothic architecture will appreciate. In quite a different style again is "A Camera in Antarctica," by A. Saunders (Winchester Publication; 21s.). The author was for fifteen years in Antarctica as photographer and a member of the scientific staff of the research ship *Discovery II*. He can write—and some of his descriptions of the hardships and adventures which he endured are most vivid—and he can certainly photograph. The illustrations which abound in this book, whether they are of magnificent snow- and ice-scapes, or of attractive penguins or ludicrous sea-lions have, I imagine, at one time or another found their way into the major photographic exhibitions.

It was a clever idea of Miss Eileen Molony to present to us some of our native marvels of nature through the eyes of a variety of witnesses in "Portrait of Mountains" (Dobson; 8s. 6d.). She has collected a fine bag of British mountains, their photographs and those to describe them. Her book ranges from Corserine, as seen by Stephen Bone the artist, who, incidentally, shows a family capacity to be as skilful with pen as with brush, to the views of an architect and those of a real climber in Wilfrid Noyce. A pleasing book which every lover of mountains will want to possess.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

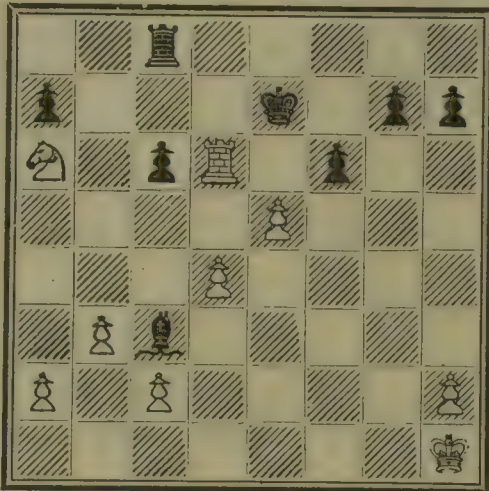
MASTER chess, like wrestling, often produces a deceptively tranquil balance of power. You might casually glance at a pair of wrestlers and see two figures poised absolutely silent and motionless, only bulging eyeballs or beads of sweat revealing the tremendous forces locked in equilibrium. If those who mistakenly dub chess a sleepy game were to observe keen players a little more closely, they too might observe a hundred evidences of concealed tension.

Another analogy of chess with wrestling, especially Japanese wrestling, is that a sudden and unexpected yielding can be more deadly than continued pressure.

Consider the strange ending to the game between P. S. Milner-Barry (White) and O. Penrose (Black) in the tournament for the British Championship which concluded recently. Here is the game, a cut-and-thrust affair in the romantically combinative Vienna opening.

Milner-Barry.	Penrose.	Milner-Barry.	Penrose.
1. P-K4	P-K4	16. K-R1	Kt-Q5
2. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	17. B-Kt5ch	BxB
3. P-B4	P-Q4	18. Kt×Kt	Q×Kt
4. BP×P	Kt×P	19. Q-B3	Q-Q2
5. P-Q3	Q-R5ch	20. R-KKt1	B-R3
6. P-KKt3	Kt×P	21. R-Kt4	Q-B3
7. Kt-B3	Q-R4	22. R-Q4ch	K-K2
8. Kt×P	Kt×R	23. Q×Q	P×Q
9. Kt×Pch	K-Q1	24. Kt-B7	R-QB1
10. Kt×R	B-K2	25. Kt-R6	B-K6
11. B-Kt2	B-R5ch	26. R-Q6	P-B3
12. K-B1	Kt-B3	27. P-Q4	B-Q7
13. B×Kt	B-R6ch	28. P-Kt3	B-B6
14. B-Kt2	B×Bch	29. Kt-B5	R-B2
15. K×B	Q-Kt5ch	30. Kt-R6	R-B1

Draw agreed.



Though a pawn up, White regretfully decides that he can make no further progress, and agrees to call it a draw. His king's pawn is twice attacked and only once defended, the threat being 28. . . P×P; 29. P×P, B×P. Any rook move, or 28. P×Pch, would give away the rook. The knight can only move to QB5.

Let us reconsider the position after 28. Kt-B5, R-B2. 29. Kt-Q3 seems to protect the attacked pawn, but after 29. . . P×P; 30. P×P, there comes 30. . . B×P! and 31. Kt×B? would lose the rook.

29. Kt-K4 is another interesting "try," but Black can ignore the threat to his bishop and play 29. . . P×P!; 30. P×P (White cannot go 31. Kt×B now because of 31. . . K×R!); 30. . . B×P, etc. Black would dole out the same treatment to 29. Kt-R4.

29. R-K6ch, K-B2; 30. P×P, B×P! (threatening both White's pieces) leaves White nothing better than 31. Kt-R6, K×R; 32. Kt×Rch, K×P, and once again White has lost his extra pawn.

The piquant feature of all this is that Black is helpless. Almost any non-committal move by White would win! Perhaps the best is 28. K-Kt2!

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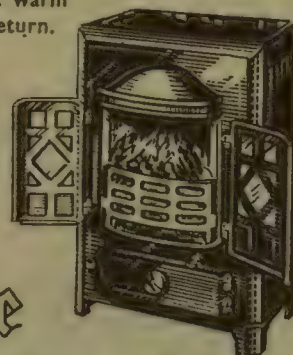
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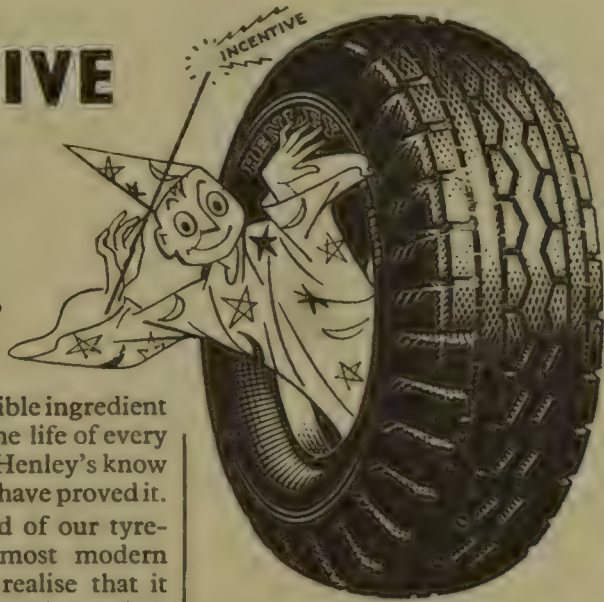


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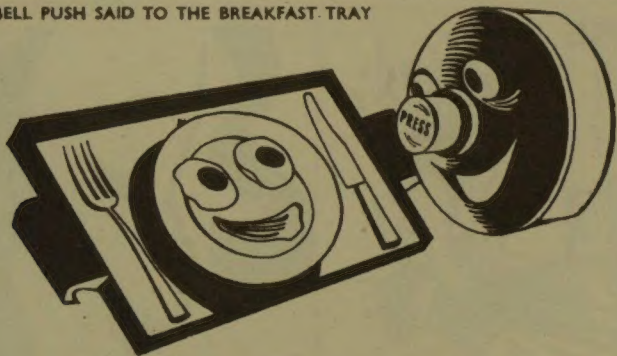
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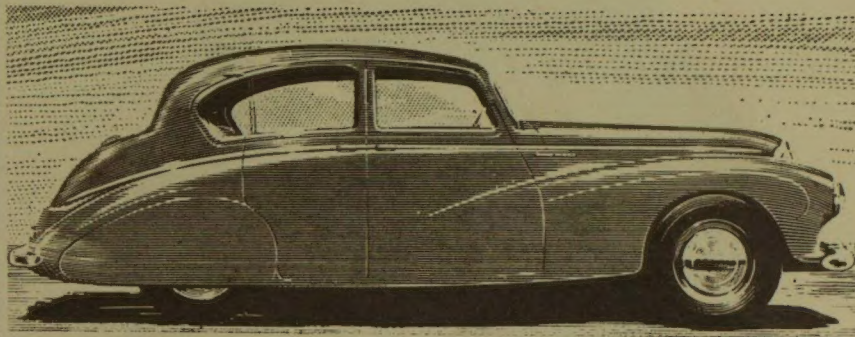
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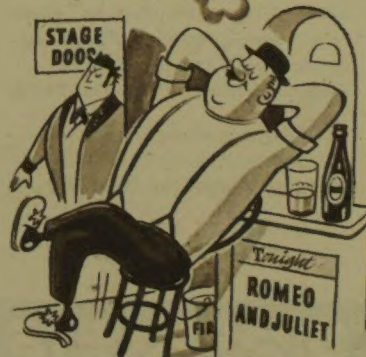
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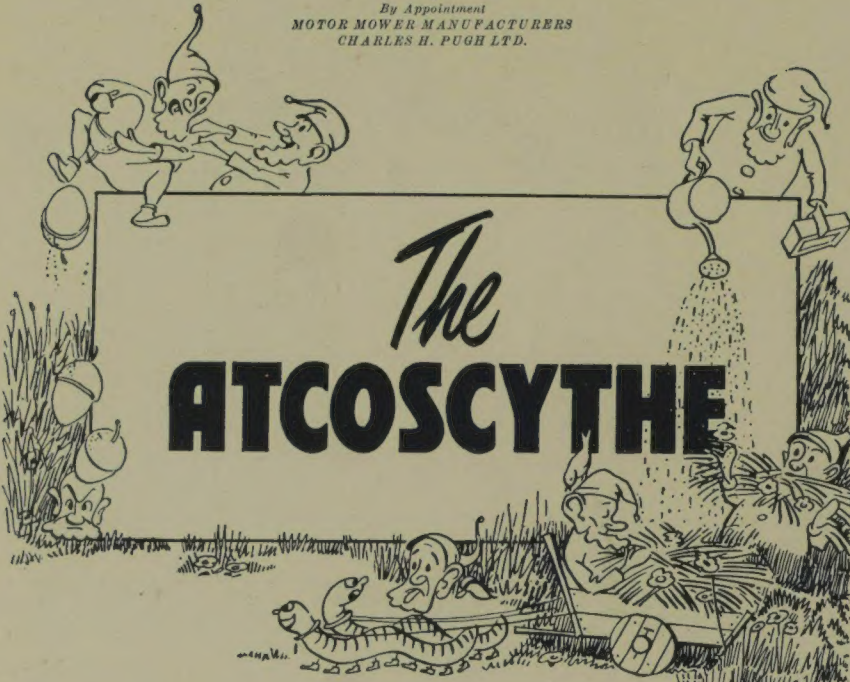
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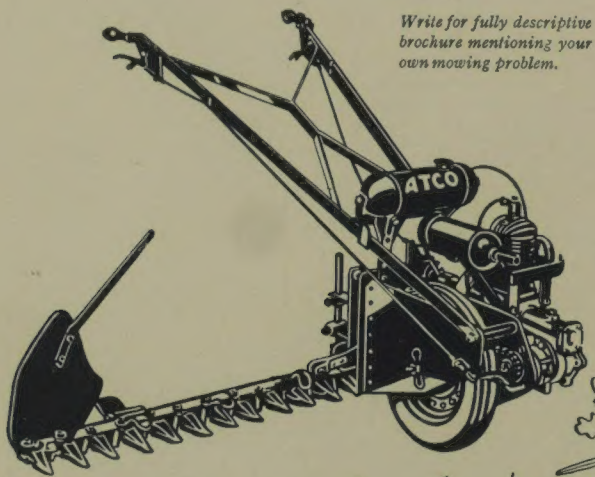
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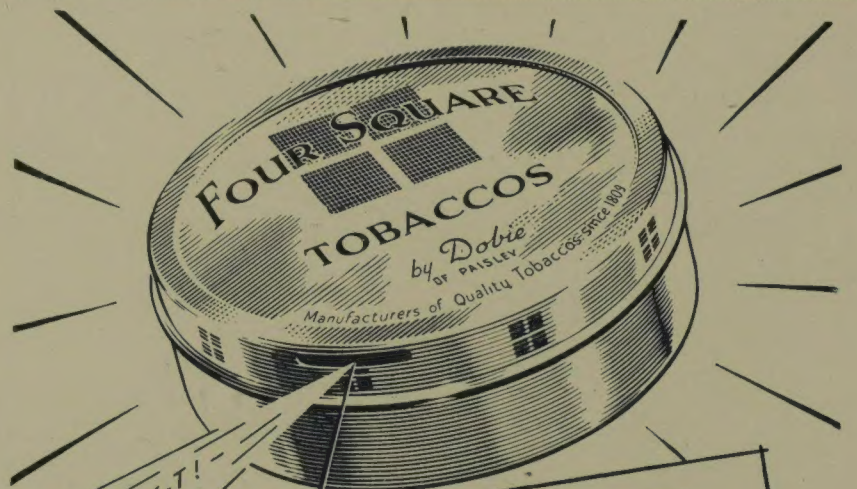


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